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CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



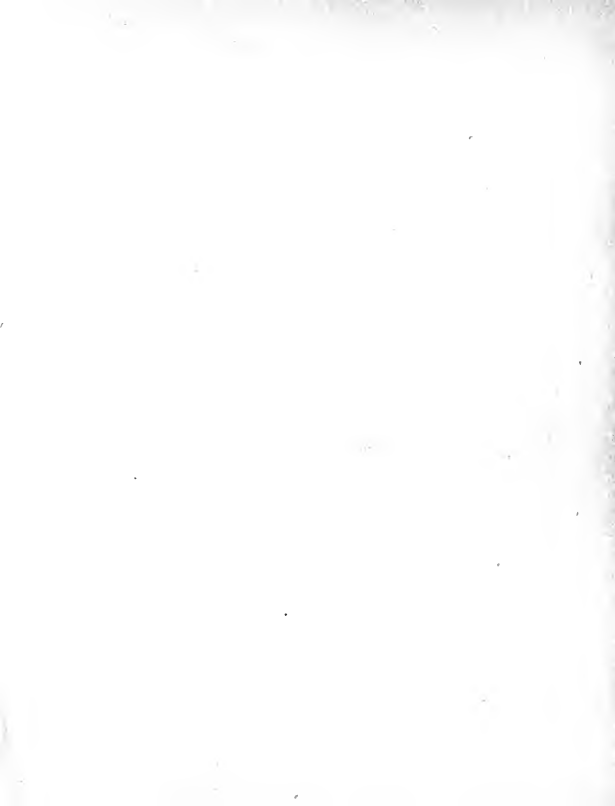
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FRONTISPIECE.



The Happy Family

As they appear in the happy picture

(T S S)
GOOD CHILDS
REWARD.



Train up a Child in the way he should go: & when he is old he will not depart from it.

L O N D O N .

M D C C C

Published by Thomas Kelly, Petermaster Row.



THE AFFECTIONATE
PARENT'S GIFT,
AND THE
Good Child's Reward;

CONSISTING OF
A SERIES OF POEMS AND ESSAYS,

ON
NATURAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS;

calculated to lead the tender Minds of Youth in the early Practice of Virtue
and Piety, and thereby promote their temporal
Prosperity and eternal Happiness.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN AFFECTIONATE ADDRESS

ON THE
Duties and Obligations they owe to God and their Parents.

BY HENRY SHARPE HORSLEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY
UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN ENGRAVINGS

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. KELLY, 17, PATERNOSTER ROW,
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1828.



P R E F A C E.

It is an acknowledged fact, and much to be lamented, that the greater part of the Books published for the use of children, are either ridiculous in themselves, unfit to instruct or inform, or are of an improper tendency, calculated only to mislead the susceptible and tender minds of youth; and, consequently, ought to be rejected by parents and guardians of children with as much indignation, as a proffered poisonous ingredient for mixture or infusion into the food of their children.

Every intelligent parent will unquestionably acknowledge the existing difficulty in making a suitable selection of subjects, so as to attract the attention of Juvenile readers, and in clothing the sentiments intended to be conveyed to infant

minds in language suitable to their capacities of comprehension. I am perfectly aware of these existing difficulties ; and, in making this remark, I profess not to possess any method more adroit for the accomplishment of so desirable an end superior to others, but in sincerity of intention, for the benefit of the rising generation, I yield to none.

Every one must acknowledge that a great deal depends upon the first impressions on the juvenile mind ; and, at the same time, must admit that the mind of a child is extremely susceptible.

In a country professing Christianity, it is to be lamented that individuals are to be found, who will lend themselves to the preparation of mental food for children's minds of such objectionable and contaminating qualities, as is to be met with in the present day. It must

be admitted, that the minds of children are equally athirst for novelty, in common with persons of maturer years ; but that thirst after novelty ought to be kept within the restricted limits of prudence by those who have the control over them, and the culture of their minds entrusted to their care.

In the present little Work, I have endeavoured to select such subjects of a familiar kind, and have so accommodated them to the purpose intended, as I thought best calculated to awaken the energies of the mind ; and, when once awakened, to lead them by easy and gentle steps to the contemplation of that Being, from whom flows every good that we enjoy. I have endeavoured to pourtray vice in its heinous character, and its evil tendencies ;—to picture the milder virtues of the mind, as being alone worthy of cultivation. I

have also endeavoured to enforce obedience, and inculcate sincerity and truth; I have directed the infant mind to the true and only source of genuine comfort,—*i. e.* a saving knowledge of our Lord and Saviour; I have invariably strove to create a love for the reading the Holy Scriptures: in connection with that view, I have grounded several of the Poems upon the most interesting historical relations, as being the best calculated to awaken a desire for Scriptural study and information; and, I trust, that the moral tendency of the whole will prove a sufficient passport into the hands of children generally.

I am sensible that I have not to boast of the silver-toned lyre of a Byron, a Scott, &c. &c.; but, if the humble offering of my muse is not drest in the language of eloquence, it is clad in the plain

garb of honest sincerity ; and if I succeed in drawing the minds of my Juvenile readers to the contemplation of that God, who is ever well pleased with sincerity of intention ;—if I succeed in curbing the too prevalent practice of dealing in superlatives, which, if analyzed, cannot be considered, either more or less, than an indirect species of lying ;—if I awaken a love and regard for truth, and create sentiments of gratitude, obedience, and humanity, in the bosoms of those into whose hands this humble effort may fall, I have gained my point—I have succeeded in my design.

In thus venturing on public indulgence, and committing my little Work to its fate, I do it, accompanied with my most earnest prayer to that God, to whom I would lead the infant mind, for his especial blessing on all who read it ; and

that they may be led to contemplate him as a God reconciling the world unto himself through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to discover the beauties and advantages of a virtuous and religious life—that they may be constrained to tread in the steps of him who was meek and lowly in heart; and who, in the days of his flesh, made children the peculiar objects of his care and attention, and condescendingly took them up in his arms and blessed them, and who is still crying, “*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.*”

HENRY SHARPE HORSLEY.

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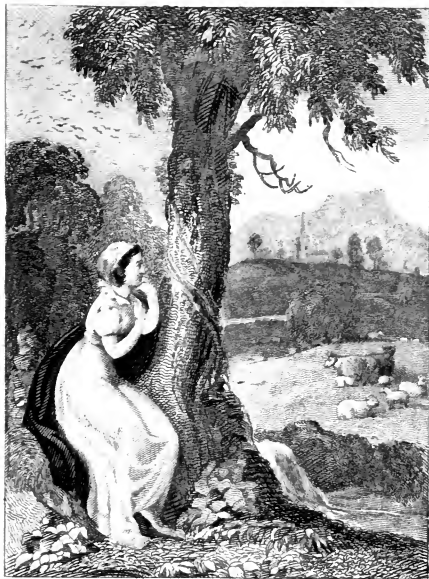
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THE LANDSCAPE



I'll seat myself upon the ground,
And view the beauties that surround,
And spend a happy hour.

THE AFFECTIONATE
PARENT'S GIFT

1.—THE LANDSCAPE.

OH, charming spot! oh, sweet retreat!
Enchantment binds my very feet,
I cannot leave thy bower;
I'll seat myself upon the ground,
And view the beauties that surround,
And spend a happy hour.

Nature, from her abundant store,
Gives largely, and keeps giving more,
She clothes the fields so gay;
Her carpet of its varied hues,
The landscape with its beauteous views,
Sings praise expressive lay.

The chirping sparrow on the tree,
The noisy rooks in flocks near me,
Each vies in noisy praise ;
The herds of sheep, the fondling dams,
The little frisking playful lambs,
Enjoy the summer days.

The little rippling winding stream,
Unites in universal theme,
Harmonious is the song ;
The cow and oxen's hoarser note,
The winnowing horse and bleating goat,
Joins with the grateful throng.

The bee, the ant, the gnat, the fly,
The soaring lark that mounts on high,
Unites their joy and mirth ;
The high top foliage of the trees,
That bows before the genial breeze,
Praise Him who rules the earth.

Sweet mental treat and rural feast,
 That man's more sordid than a beast,
 Who looks with torpid eye
 On scenes above, landscapes around,
 The joyous herds, and gay clad ground,
 The sun, and azure sky.

Oh! nature's God! I'll thee adore,
 Creation praise thee evermore,
 Thou'rt worthy of all song;
 Accept the praise thy creatures bring,
 Thou high almighty heavenly King,
 The tribute of our tongue.

ARE you, my child, fond of pictures?—then view the landscape. Do you admire harmony?—then listen to the harmonious chorusses of the dale. Hear you not the numberless warblers mixing their sweet notes and uniting their efforts to praise that Being who formed them, and taught them their song? Art thou fond of novelty?—then seek the retirement the

landscape affords: there nature presents you with an exhaustless fund of novelties; she opens to your view her storehouses of variety, turn your eyes where you will, novelty presents itself in the most sublime and captivating forms. Do you admire paintings?—then look at the inimitable touches of nature; examine that flowering hawthorn, inspect that little modest and innocent daisy. Want you any examples of industry?—watch that busy little creature, the bee, or that toiling ant at your feet, see it dragging its burthen, greater and heavier than itself, to its storehouse, there to deposit, for its winter subsistence, what it so industriously procures in the summer. Would you wish for examples of contentment?—view those innocent and contented herds: do you hear a murmur?—No. What is that salutes your ears? what meets your eyes? It is contentment and praise; and the mingled harmonies of nature's family must plant a blush on the conscious cheek of the most holy of men. The grateful and contented throng I now see leaves man, ungrateful man, in the back ground. The perfect picture before my eyes, in the compass of this landscape

tells my heart that it is ungrateful. I tremble when I examine my own heart. Lord, thy innumerable dependants, the birds, the beasts, and the countless family of nature, are all contented and grateful; and shall man, whom thou hast made a little lower than the angels, be the only discontented and ungrateful being in thy universe? Suffer me, children, to invite you to the rational repast which the landscape presents; and the more you feed upon its delicious dainties the keener will be your appetite, and the more will you enjoy and seek after the rich viands and substantial mental food nature herself abounds with, and offers for your acceptance. What subjects for reflection,—what incentives to duty,—what lessons of gratitude and contentment, does the landscape afford and teach. Regale thyself, oh, child, amidst nature's happy family; imitate their universal song, join in their chorus, and cry—All thy works praise thee, O Lord, thy works praise thee.

2.—THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

SEE that little sweep that's trudging,
With his brush and scraper budging;
Blanket cross'd to keep him warm,
He the chimnies has to swarm.

See the little creature waddling,
Barefoot through the mire paddling;
Hear his cry, and hear his hoot,
What's his cry?—it's soot! soot! soot

Do you want your chimney sweeping?
Asks the child, and asks it weeping;
I will sweep it for a groat,
And I have now my scraper brought.



THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEP



I have enough to make me weep,
Or else I would not be a sweep;
I'm very young ma'am, as you see,
My mother sold me when turn'd three.

You'd better have it swept to-day,
Shall I sweep it? ma'am, do say;
I will, ma'am, do it very neat,
I have but little food to eat.

You really are a civil sweep;
But why, my little fellow, weep?
Does your master use you ill?
Does he not your belly fill?

I have enough to make me weep,
Or else I would not be a sweep;
I'm very young, ma'am, as you see,
My mother sold me when turn'd three.

Your mother sold you!—child, walk in,
Could she commit so great a sin?
Could she forget her little child?
Impossible!—you're talking wild.

Pray tell me now what is your age,
Your story does my heart engage ;
Dry up your tears, and you shall eat,
I'll fill your belly with some meat.

Accept my thanks, poor Joe replied,
I was a babe when father died
My mother she was very poor,
Excuse me, ma'am, I can't say more.

Yes, do, my little sooty Joe,
I must know all,—I wish to know.
Then, ma'am, believe me, do, I pray,
My mother sold me,—ran away.

My master us'd me very ill,
He beat me, pinn'd me, and would still,
But having learned me how to creep
Up chimnies, and their flues to sweep.

I ran away to seek my mother,
But could not find her ; and a brother,
Friend, relation, I have not,
And now, I fear, I'm quite forgot.

Now, ma'am, I sweep for pence or food,
Sometimes I meet with those that's good ;
I sleep in stable, or in shed,
This blanket is my only bed.

Thy fate is hard, poor little Joe,
You have no friend now that you know ;
But God will you protect, my lad,
If you will shun the way that's bad.

I pray to God, ma'am, for his grace,
And with my tears I wash my face ;
And, though forsook, in Him I hope,
When all forsook, He took me up.

You've children, madam, young, I see,
Oh, let them take advice from me ;
How would I prize a mother kind,
Which they in you that mother find.

A mother that would do me good,
A mother that would give me food,
Would learn me and instruct my mind,
But where shall I that mother find ?

Ye children that have homes and food,
And want for nought to do you good,
That's cloth'd, and does not barefoot go,
Be thankful,—think of sooty Joe.

Well, Joe, you shall my chimnies sweep ;
Cheer up, my boy, I pray don't weep ;
Forget your troubles, dry your tears,
For work you'll get, so quell your fears.



THE HEN AND CHICKEN



The Saviour of mankind adopts
The figure of the Hen,
To shew the strength of his regard
For the lost sons of men.

Yes, children should most grateful prove,
 And by obedience prove their love ;
 While want of food they never know,
 Should learn of grateful sooty Joe.



3.—THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

THE hen, with what affection views
 Her little chirping chick ;
 She leads her brood about for food,
 And learns them how to pick.

They're very tender while so young,
 See how she spreads her wings,
 And calls them under,—they obey
 Or they'd be starv'd, poor things.

If danger's nigh, how she protects
Her little helpless young;
Her fears arous'd, she meets the foe,
Let it be 'ere so strong.

Parental care ne'er shone more bright
Than in the parent hen;
Admiring view the pleasing sight,
Admiring view again.

The Saviour of mankind adopts
The figure of the hen,
To show the strength of his regard
For the lost sons of men.

We hear him cry,—“ Jerusalem!
Ye stubborn wicked Jews,
How oft would I have gathered you,
Yet still my love refuse.

" I come to save you, pay the debt,
 The debt of sin you owe :
 But still ye do reject my love,
 Refuse my love to know."

How pleasing to the pious mind,
 To read of Jesu's love,
 Of his kind mission to our earth,
 What mov'd him from above.

The pictures joined, will lead the mind
 To trace the pleasing fact
 Of God's great love, and shows to man
 The part he ought to act.

'Tis Christ who calls,—if we obey
 He'll hide us 'neath his wing ;
 Let foes unite, and dangers roll,
 'Tis there we'll safely sing.

Let children read the lessons o'er,
God's word, and nature too;
They teach obedient gratitude,
The path they should pursue.

PERHAPS there is not a more pleasing sight in nature than that of the parent hen surrounded with her young and tender brood; her care, affection, and anxiety for her charge is proverbial, and their obedience to her calls and summons is remarkable, and worthy of imitation; she calls, and they immediately run and obey; she protects them from harm, and as industriously provides with food; she shelters them under her wings, warms and nourishes them. Our Lord and Saviour adopts the figure to express his anxiety for the Jewish nation; when weeping over Jerusalem, he cried out,—“how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.” In the example of the hen, we discover the strength of parental affection, and children would do well always to

keep in view the figure, and their relative situation with their parents, the tender care and anxious solicitude they constantly manifest for them. Can a child repay that kindness?—No: but a child can be obedient, affectionate, and grateful; and when a child does not make these just and reasonable returns to its parents, that child is insensible to every principle of virtue and duty, and deserves to be abandoned by them. It is a painful and lamentable fact, that many children trample upon every sacred duty, and disregard every command of their parents and of God, and act as though they were not at all accountable for their conduct. Is that thy case, child?—If so, suffer me to tell you, you shall not offend with impunity, for such conduct always meets its merited punishment.

4.—THE ASS.

THOU drudge of man, neglected beast,
Thy lot is truly hard ;
Thy right's withheld, with wrongs opprest,
From ev'ry good debarr'd.

Thy owner, with a barb'rous hand,
Thy back does overload ;
With fainting step, thy patience bears
The cruel hands that goad.

Patient and persevering ass,
I feign thy stripes would heal ;
Faint with hunger and fatigue,
For you, poor beast, I feel.



THE ASS



He honour'd thee, and not the Horse,
Thus pour'd contempt on pride,
And when an infant at the breast
Did with his mother ride.

Voluptuous man, with scornful pride,
 Rejects thy humble claim;
 Opprest, thy moans petitions urge,
 Petitions urge in vain.

Poor and despised, alas, poor ass,
 Deserving milder fate;
 Thy looks speak language, moans are words,
 Expressive of thy state.

Altho, poor ass, thou'rt scorn'd to-day,
 Raise up thy ears with pride;
 T'was on thy humble back that Christ
 Did once in triumph ride.

He honour'd thee, and not the horse,
 Thus pour'd contempt on pride;
 And when an infant at the breast,
 Did with his mother ride.

From cruel Herod's blood-stain'd hand
To Egypt on they went ;
Companion of the sacred three,
Wast thou, poor ass, content.

Honour'd in ages past and gone,
By prophet and by sage ;
Thy tongue was once unloos'd to check
A prophet's undue rage.

The feeling heart thy fate laments,
Thy patience too admire ;
Could it assuage thy varied ills,
And yielding to desire.

From degradation would thee raise,
And elevate thy state ;
But ah ! alas, I can but feel,
Poor beast, thy wretched fate.



THE HARVEST DAY.



The fatigues of the day with pleasure they bear,
And mutually in its duties do share,
And glad to join labour again.

5.—THE HARVEST DAY.

How fine is the morning, the sun, oh, how cheering,
 The scythe and the sickle for mowing and shearing,
 Are sharpen'd and hurri'd away ;
 The husbandman, see his quick steps to the field,
 To cut the fair produce which nature does yield,
 His labour and sweat to repay.

How charming the sight, the farmer in haste,
 Like the bee, not a moment of sunshine will waste,
 All hands to the field must away ;
 Dear children, then tell me, is it not pleasing,
 To see the aged, the fair, and no one refusing,
 To work on a hot summer's day?

How sweet is the air they breathe in the morning,
 As soon as day peeps, or day-light is dawning,
 Before the bright sun does arise ;
 With cheerful light step all the gay rustic band,
 Go through the first duties of day hand in hand,
 And anxiously look t'wards the skies.

The sun then invites, great attention they lend,
 And happy they are when a day they can spend,
 Without being check'd by the rain ;
 The fatigues of the day with pleasure they bear,
 And mutually in it's duties do share,
 And glad to join labour again.

But oh ! yonder cloud that arises afar,
 And brings with it's train a watery car ;
 It awakens the husbandman's fears :
 See now how he toils, what fears he pourtrays,
 He labours and watches, and plods o'er the lays,
 And anxiety forces her tears.

The cloud now obscures the sun from the eye,
 And nothing but darkness envelopes the sky,
 The rain next in torrents descend :
 And hope, for a while, with the sun dies away,
 Reluctant they quit, and pray the next day,
 In the harvest-field, all may attend.



THE GLEANER.



See the little gleaner gathering,
What the reapers leave behind,
See with what unwearied care,
She the little bundles bind.

6.—THE GLEANER.

SEE the little gleaner gathering
What the reapers leave behind ;
See with what unwearied care,
She the little bundles bind.

She toils and picks the ears of corn,
And carries home at night,
The fruits she's gather'd thro' the day,
The corn so brown and bright.

Her little fingers with great care
Selects the purer grain ;
And if she picks an unsound ear,
Away it's cast again.

The little creature's parents poor,
She gleans her corn for food;
And it is her anxious care
Only to pick the good.

The smuts and unsound ears she leaves,
The good with care she holds,
The straw she cuts and casts away,
And tramples on the moles.

At noon, the wearied sun-burnt child
Retiring to the shade,
Beneath some fruited thorn or tree
We find her snugly laid.

Her bread and milk, or apple-tart,
Or simple bread and cheese,
She eats with gratitude and joy,
Her table is her knees.

When rested she, her work resumes,
As cheerful as the lark,
Her bag she stores with gather'd corn,
And trudges home at dark.

Wearied the loaded creature creeps
Up to the cottage-door,
Her pleased mother takes the grain,
And spreads it on the floor.

The rustic circle then recount
Their varied toils that day,
How many gleaners, reapers, wasps,
They've met with on the way.

The little village scandal book,
Which in the field was read,
Is next rehears'd, in simple glee,
'Fore they retire to bed.

With innocent, but anxious stare
And with attentive ear,
Forget fatigue, in silent awe,
Some goblin-tale to hear.

Quite horror-struck at some strange tale
About some monstrous ghost,
More strange and wide from truth the clue,
That one excells the most.

Laden with grain and wond'rous tales,
The gleaner teems her store,
Then goes to bed, and in the morn
Hies to the fields for more.

Children whose friends can find them food,
And when to school they go,
Should read the moral of the field,
And reading they should know,

That milder fortune does demand
 A grateful heart and tongue,
 And when they walk into the field
 Learn from the busied throng.

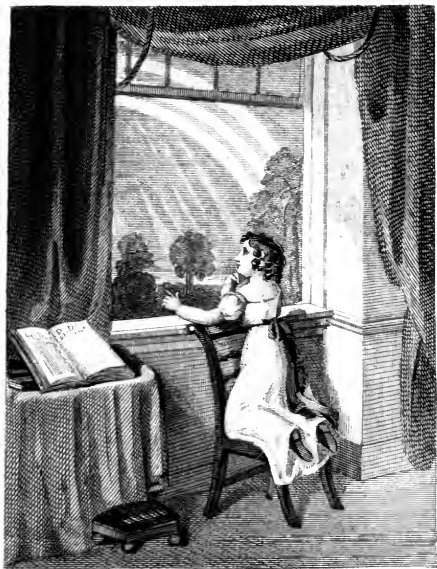
Good children all should gleaners be
 Of learning's purest sweets,
 And never loose their time from school,
 Like those who play in streets.

THE season of harvest is replete with subjects that demand our gratitude: the seed that was a few months ago cast into the earth by the hand of the industrious husbandman, has vegetated, and, becoming matured, is now cut down with the scythe and the sickle, and gathered into barns. The earth teeming with abundance, presents her ripened treasures to the husbandman as a reward for his toils. How grateful to the feelings of a reflecting mind is this view of the harvest-field, when the healthy rustics, with animated and cheerful countenances, go forth to labour:

young and old, male and female, lend a willing and cheerful assistance, and the toils of the field are lightened and enlivened by the merry tales and adventures of former years; every power of rustic wit and glee is called into vigorous exercise, and the oft-related tales of the days of yore are again repeated with undiminished interest, and soothe the wearied labourer. What a pleasing sight do the sheaves of ripened corn present, loaded with grain, that will soon become food for man and beast! After the reapers, we discover the busied throng of little gleaners, picking up the scattered ears of corn;—visit the neighbouring village, the houses appear deserted; all their inmates are busy in the field, collecting nature's stores;—no loiterers, no idlers, are discovered: the sweat that issues copiously from the pores, falls unheeded and unthought of, but one principle appears to actuate the whole:—the little gleaner, copying the example of the industrious bee and ant, collects the grain that would otherwise be left to perish on the surface, which furnishes bread to the thrifty gatherer through the approaching winter; the little toiler receives,



THE RAINBOW.



See cried the contemplative child.
It rains, and sun doth shine.
And see that radiant bow stretch'd out.
Its colours! how sublime.

with gratitude and thankfulness, the scattered portion of promiscuous ears of corn. How thankful ought those children to be whose parents are so circumstanced as to supply them with food, without enduring the fatigue and heat of a harvest-field. Surely, to view fields of corn crowned with plenty—to witness the joy that sparkles in the animated eyes of the reaper and gleaner, is no mean offering of praise to God ;—that God who abundantly satisfies every living creature with plenty. And here let me call on youth to engage in the pleasing and profitable employ of contemplating the infinite goodness and mercy of that great Being, who has promised that, *“while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease.”*

7.—THE RAINBOW.

SEE, cried the contemplative child,
 It rains, and sun doth shine ;
 And see that radiant bow stretch'd out,
 Its colours !—how sublime.

While gazing on its varied hues,
It changes to my view ;
Short-lived—but beauteous—tell me whence
Its gone, or whither flew.

While its majestic span I eyed,
It vanish'd from my sight :
Its gone, the lovely bow is fled—
Those varied shades of light.

And does my ign'rance ask from whence
The beauteous bow arose,
And can't I comprehend for why—
Or whence it comes and goes ?

I'll turn to sacred writ, and read
What God himself doth say ;
The mystery there will be explain'd,
As no one dare gainsay.

God there declares, "My bow I'll set

"Upon the cloud above ;

"In cov'nant of my fixed will,

"In cov'nant of my love.

"No more the earth will I destroy,

"By deluge or by flood ;

"My will to man by it's made known,

"My covenant is good."

Great God ! my infant mind then raise

To contemplate thy love ;

That while my eyes gaze on thy bow,

My mind may soar above.

THE appearance of the Rainbow in the heavens, with its variegated colours of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, is calculated to awaken the mind to reflection. As often as we see the heavens adorned with the beautiful colours of this bow, our minds ought to revert to the

time when it was first planted there, and the reason for why it was given. Viewing it merely as a phenomenon of nature, it presents one of the most beautiful spectacles we can possibly conceive, and is one of nature's most magnificent and stupendous pictures; but when we recollect that that God has made this meteor the sign of his pardon, and the confirmation of his holy covenant to mankind, that he will not again destroy the world by water, surely we ought to view it impressed with sentiments of gratitude, and as a grand token of God's remembrance of his covenant to his sinful creature man;—surely, if there be one thing in nature more than another that is calculated to inspire confidence and love, it is the rainbow. I would recommend to my juvenile reader's perusal the account of its institution, which they will find in the 9th chapter of *Genesis*, 11th to the 15th verse. Upon viewing the grandeur and magnificence of the rainbow, the mind will naturally wish to be informed by what combination of causes it is produced: learned men, who have made the secret operations of nature their study, inform us, that we may con-

sider the drops of rain as transparent globules upon which the sun's rays fall, which are twice refracted, that is, their regular course broken or interrupted, and are then once reflected; hence arises the different colours, which colours appear the more vivid, as the clouds which are behind are darker, and the drops of rain fall closer; these drops continually forming a rainbow every moment: were the rain to descend from one extremity of the horizon to the other, we could not see a rainbow; because, to form this meteor, the sun must appear at the same time with the rain, and we have the rain in our face, and the sun on our backs, while viewing it. Let me call upon you, my children, whenever you view this majestic and sublime meteor in the heavens, to consider how great is the majesty of that God with whom you have to do: his power is manifested in every thing he has formed: bow, therefore, before this great God and adore him; he remembers mankind in mercy; he keeps his covenant, and fulfils his gracious engagements and promises to all his creatures.

8.—THE THRUSH.

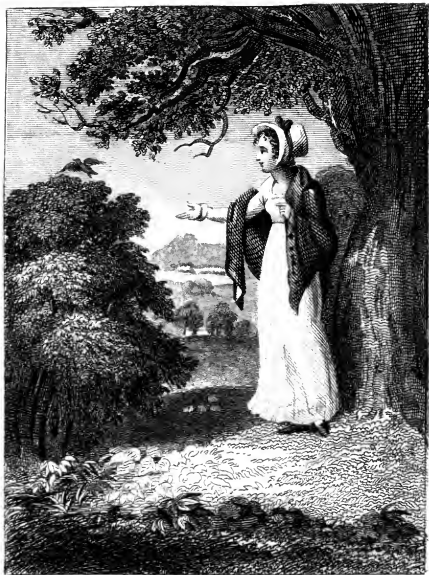
COME, cheerful songster of the dale,
The happy inmate of the vale,

 Come warble forth thy song :
Cheer thou a stranger stolen aside
From busy scenes, that would betide,
 Keep not thy silence long.

I ask thee, O thou gentle thrush,
Who hops so sprightly in the bush,
 To let me hear thee sing :
Thy note would tend to make me gay,
No hurt shall happen thee—so stay,
 Compose thy timid wing.

I envy thy retreat, sweet bird,
And if thou'lt credit but my word,
 Acquaintance would commence :
I'd take my seat upon the ground,
Beneath the bush I'd oft be found,
 And seldom wander thence.

THE THRUSH.



I ask thee O thou gentle thrush
Who hops so sprightly in the bush
To let me hear thee sing.







Myriads of his seraphs praise him.
Praise him with a veiled face.
Crying. Holy. Holy. Holy.
God of power. God of Grace.

But ah ! thou timorous creature, why
Spread thy pretty wings to fly, |

Am I unworthy, then ?

And shall the grove in silence dwell,
And not one note to break the spell
Of melancholy mien ?



9.—G O D.

GREAT, Almighty, everlasting
Power belongs to God :
He created all things living
By the pow'r of his word.

Myriads of his seraphs praise him,
Praise him with a veiled face,
Crying, Holy, holy, holy
God of pow'r, God of grace.

He supports all he created,
And sets the sea its bound;
Tells the planets all their courses,
And bids the earth go round.

'Tis he that gives th' comet licence
To wander with its train,
Marks its path thro' trackless space,
And girds its fiery vane.

'Tis he that stills the tempest's fury,
Makes the billow calm and still;
Yes! the mighty ocean must
Be submissive to his will.

'Tis at his pleasure fiercer blasts,
And lightnings vivid glare,
Rages in the tempest wildly,
Driv'n in the whirlwind's car.

'Tis his thunders shake the mountain,
 Issuing from the fiery cloud ;
 His darkness hides the face of nature,
 And speaks his pow'r aloud.

Lord ! what am I ? an infant child,
 Dare I offend thee ? God,
 Thou who could crush me as a moth,
 Or sink me at thy nod.

Dare I, in opposition, raise
 My infant voice 'gainst thee ?
 Ah ! no—I dare not, but I cry,
 Great God remember me.

Dare I take courage and adore
 Thy uncontrolled power ?—
 Yes !—God invites, and kindly he
 His mercies on me shower.

UPON entering on this reflection, I do it impressed with feelings of the most profound humility and reverence. What, shall a sinful creature presume to contemplate the great Almighty God? Does it not border on presumption?—No; but it may be done with profit. We are not denied the exalted privilege of approaching the footstool of his Mercy-seat, nor are we restrained, but rather encouraged, in our study to become acquainted with him through the medium of contemplation; we may view him in all his different characters and attributes, and the relation he stands in towards his creatures; and what is the result of so sublime a contemplation? Why, we see the greatness and goodness of that Being that fills all space, and we discover our own nothingness, our sinfulness and ingratitude.

The child is early taught to believe that God is a spirit, and that he sees and knows all things, and that he can do all things; and whether we view him as the great first cause of all things—the upholder of all things—or whether we view him in his works of providence; or, casting aside the flimsy curtains of mortality, view him sur-

rounded by countless myriads of adoring celestial beings, equally dependant upon him for their existence as ourselves;—whether we view him in the mirror of his word, and contemplate him as the contriver of the grand and stupendous plan of man's redemption;—whether we view him as the moral governor of the grand and universal system of nature, or in his particular and minute care and observance of every atom; so that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his cognizance, we discover his power, his wisdom, his goodness, and his boundless love. What! will a God so great, so incomprehensibly great, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him—will he condescend to notice a child, and listen to its prayer? Yes; and suffer that child to approach him by the endearing appellation of Father;—amazing condescension this—what inexpressible love!—fear then to offend, study to please a God so great.

10.—VALUE OF THE SOUL.

DID I possess the Ocean's treasure,
India's wealth, and Peru's gold,
All of value that's existing,
All the universe twice told.

All would prove a scanty offering,
T'wou'd not purchase what I hold :
What inhabits my frail body,
Could not be purchas'd with gold.

This inexpressible—what is it ?
'Tis my soul—the breath of God,
Which he into Adam breathed,
When first he made him by his word.

VALUE OF THE SOUL.



Then, Oh, my precious, never dying
Soul Immortal!—What! shall I
Thwart the great designs of heav'n.
And resolve that thou shalt die?



Pure was thy soul, oh, Adam,
 When first thy Maker gave it birth;
 But disobedience stain'd its image,
 And entail'd the curse of death.

Thus its Maker was dishonour'd,
 Thus pollution mar'd the whole,
 Became subject to just vengeance,
 This once pure immortal soul.

Still its value was as precious
 In the eyes of gracious heav'n,
 And to purchase life and pardon,
 Christ, the Lord, was freely giv'n.

Could not angels purchase pardon—
 Could not all the host above?
 Nothing short of Christ, the Saviour,
 Could redeem thro' dying love.

Then, oh, my precious, never-dying
Soul immortal!—What! shall I
Thwart the great designs of heav'n,
And resolve that thou shalt die?

Shall my madness plunge thee lower—
Lower than the lowest hell?
Shall my blindness blindly cast thee
Were the damn'd in torments dwell?

Shall I blindly scorn the purchase,
Madly close my eyes on light;
Stamp no value on immortal,
And against its interest fight?

Shall infatuation bind me—
Bind me in her rancor'd chain?
Shall I scorn the life that's offer'd
And live a life of dying pain?

Shall I cast this pearl immortal,
 By determined choice to hell;
 Oh, can I entertain the thought,
 And choose deliberately to dwell?

Dwell in torment's darkest mansion,
 Consign myself a prey to woe;
 Volunteer myself hell's victim,
 Answer, Soul! thou answerest—No.

Invaluable soul of mine—
 Invaluable gift of God!
 I cannot estimate thy value,
 Only by my Saviour's blood.

Let thy value ever lead me
 To that blood—which for thee flow'd:
 Stamp a value on the purchase—
 On the gift for thee bestow'd.

11.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE night it is charming, and I would feign wander,
And listen to music that enlivens the grove ;
The Nightingale's notes I covet the hearing,
Which dwells on the air, those notes that I love.

I wander'd on slowly, my ears were arrested,
The sweetest of songsters was warbling her note ;
Her voice so melodious, I silently rested,
While pleasing vibrations escap'd from her throat.

Her sweet variations and strains plaintive melting,
Fill'd my soul with fond raptures and soothing
delight,

Her simple wild carols that on the breeze languish,
Gives a charm to the solitude—a beauty to night.

THE NIGHTINGALE.



I wander'd on slowly my ears were arrested,
The sweetest of songsters was warbling her note ;
Her voice so melodious I silently rested,
While pleasing vibrations escap'd from her throat.



Absorb'd in reflection, my bosom with raptures
 Sigh'd a wish for to view a songster so sweet;
 And tip-toe I trod on nature's green carpet,
 But as I advanc'd, she, alas! would retreat.

Thou modest sweet creature, I cry'd, why now
 wonder,

I feign would discover thy perch on the trees;
 But, no! that's a pleasure thou wilt not allow me,
 While casting thy notes to die in the breeze.

THE nightingale is a bird familiar by name, but a complete stranger to the generality of mankind. She is a bird justly famed for her song, and is as remarkable for the singularity of her habits. When the numerous feathered songsters of the dale, taking advantage of the sable mantle of the night, have suspended their variegated concerts, and retired to rest, this queen of song commences her harmonies, and enlivens the woodland by her inimitable notes; selecting her green-shaded retreat when all nature has sunk into soft repose—

when nothing is heard but the whispers of the genial breeze through the fruitful foliage of the trees, this nocturnal songster mixes her amazing powers of variegated melody, and gives latitude to powers possessed by none but herself. This coy and modest minstrel entertains only the lovers of retirement: those only whose love of retired harmony conquers natural indulgence and love of bed, ever tastes the pleasure of the sprightly and modest serenader's midnight performance; amidst the uninterrupted silence of the shaded grove, inhaling the dew-moistened fragrance of wild-flowers, running through the variations of music, and shewing herself mistress of every grace that constitutes and embellishes harmony; sometimes her song kindles into ardour, she strikes her note with energy—the strain next languishes, and the mournful warbler melts into tenderness, and night alone listens to her thrilling tale; while, rapturously listening to her song, one would be ready to conclude that the bird from whom proceeded such sounds, possessed a throat of uncommon strength, and that as she excelled in harmony, so did she also excel in the beauty of her plumage;

but naturalists inform us, that is not the case, for this bird of sweet song is of mean appearance, and its colour, form, and exterior, possesses nothing to claim particular attention. To the thinking and reflecting mind, the nightingale suggests many useful hints;—hints that would tend to improvement and benefit. She is the acknowledged queen of the woodland songsters; mark her modesty:—she is of mean exterior, but possesses rare qualities:—learn not to judge from outward appearances, if you do, you will generally form a wrong estimate; and it often happens, that those whom we have presumed to despise, are superior to ourselves, and merit our warmest regard. I would ever remind my juvenile readers, that it is the mind that makes the man; and would recommend them always to cultivate a love for retirement, ever bearing in mind that the nightingale sings the sweetest, and the glow-worm shines the brightest, uninterrupted by the rude foot of bustle. Learn, also, with the sweet songster, the art of celebrating our mutual Creator in songs of joy and gratitude, for all his unspeakable mercies and blessings.

12.—THE HORSE.

THE Horse, oh, what a gentle beast,
His beauty and his speed,
His strength, his gentleness and sense,
The noble, sprightly steed.

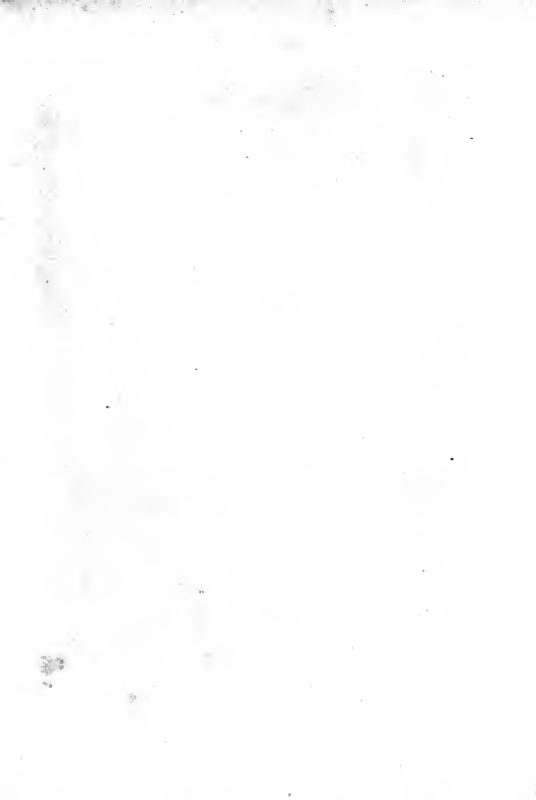
How cheerfully he drags his load,
How gently he submits;
His master willingly conveys,
While on his back he sits.

He knows his groom, his stable too,
And when you hear him neigh,
'Tis pleasure's voice, or gratitude,
For corn or bits of hay.

THE HORSE.



How willingly he tries to please,
Is that the case with you?
He's grateful,—yes, and had he speech
He'd tell you what to do.



See, how he sweats with toiling hard,
He surely earns his meat;
His exercise gives appetite
And relish, when he eat.

Then where's the cruel hand to scourge
The useful gentle steed?
What heel apply the spur—or hand
The whip—to urge his speed?

How willingly he tries to please,
Is that the case with you?
He's grateful,—yes! and had he speech,
He'd tell you what to do.

Ask brute creation, one by one,
I answer they will tell,
That they in cheerful gratitude
Young children do excel.

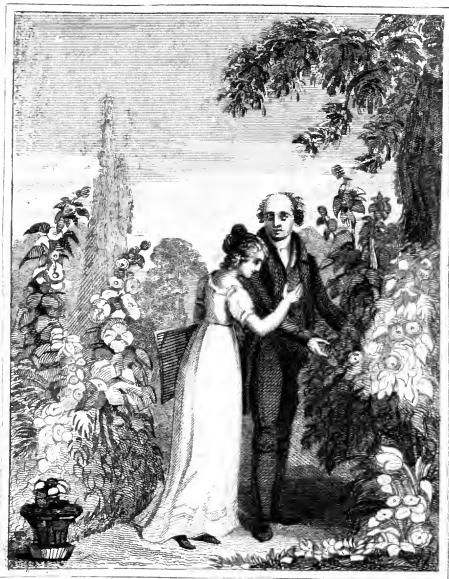
Then blush, thou disobedient child,
 Yes, hide thy face, for shame;
 I cannot give determin'd vice
 A corresponding name.

13.—THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

To walk in the garden 'mid flowers that's growing,
 To view the fine plants that's budding and blowing,
 Oh, what a sweet deluge of scent :
 I could walk and inhale the exquisite sweets,
 Which from ev'ry border my nostril greets,
 And full scope to reflection give vent.

The tulip, carnation, and fresh-blooming rose,
 And the weak honey-suckle that modestly grows,
 Supported by yonder old thorn :
 The lilach and hyacinths of varied hue,
 Their colours how bright, how pleasing to view,
 So charming on this dewy morn.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.



Come, artist, and gaze, thy pencil lay down,
Come, look at the colours, the purple and brown,
Submitting to nature, admire;



My senses are ravish'd with fragrance so sweet,
 My mind is bewilder'd with th' changes it meet,
 My eyes on varieties fixt :

The pink and the daisy how modest they stand,
 The hollyhock and sun-flower how majestic and
 How pleasing the colours are mixt. [grand,

Come, artist, and gaze, thy pencil lay down,
 Come, look at the colours, the purple and brown,
 Submitting to nature, admire :

Yes, gaze on the beauties which open to view,
 Their matchless fine tints, their beauteous hue,
 And, gazing, improvement acquire.

This surely is naught but a sweet paradise,
 A feast for the senses, a treat for the eyes,
 What pleasures and sweets do surround
 But, oh ! what a check upon pride and on boast,
 While this variegated and beautiful host
 Speaks, in eloquent terms, from the ground.

With what pleasure the good, both children and
Survey nature's beauties again and again, [men,

Oh ! it nerves contemplation to sing :

To join th' dumb eloquence of shrubs and of flowers,
Exultingly sing 'mid fragrance and flowers,

We praise thee, oh, heavenly King !

If God such a paradise, here, can bestow,
What pleasures and beauties in heav'n we shall

It fires our souls while we sing : [know,

Then this God we'll adore, this God we will praise,
To him our glad hearts and voices we'll raise ;

We'll praise thee, oh, heavenly King.

HAVING recently indulged in surveying the beauties and varieties of the Landscape, give me now your company into the Flower-Garden. Are you not astonished at the prodigious number and variety of flowers that Spring, Summer, and Autumn, present to view? You may look upon them with an unwearied gaze, they present not

uniform sameness; their structure, dimensions, forms, and colours, are as various as their numbers; some tower majestically, while others modestly lift their beauteous heads above the surface of the earth;—some are clad in a glow of brilliancy of variegated colours — while others, with adorned meekness, appear in garbs of plain simplicity; some perfume the air with exquisite fragrance, while others please only by the beauty of their tints, or the delicacy of their form. Look at yonder gay tulip, clad in all the beauty of variegated and inimitable colours; but the eye is merely pleased, the sense of smell receives no gratification or delight; but, leaving the denominated queen of our gardens, walk on to others more humble, with no ostentatious show, but making ample recompense by the fragrance they emit. How insensible must that being be, who, while walking through this atmosphere of fragrant odours, feels no rising emotion, no feeling of adoration and praise, no sentiment of gratitude, to that great Creator of all things, who spoke them into existence, and gave to them their beauteous tints and fragrant scents. What shall this

multiplied host of beautiful and sweet monitors that ornament and perfume the flower-garden, which, with eloquent expressiveness, address themselves to the heart of man—admonish in vain? Shall the lessons they teach pass unnoticed?—their beauties how short-lived—emblem of myself—and let me read in thy destinies, oh, flower! that I myself must soon close my eyes on every surrounding object. I, too, must fade and die. Let me, then, with grateful heart and admiring eyes, survey the wonders and beauties of nature, and may my captivated soul be lead to love thee, oh, God! who thus annually clothes the flowers in their gay attire.

14.—THE OCEAN

Who can with apathy behold
 The Ocean's vast unfathom'd deep?—
 Who can its surging waters see,
 Its long decave—its stretching sweep;

THE OCEAN.



Who can with apathy behold
The ocean's vast unfathom'd deep;
Who can its surging waters see,
Its long decay—its stretching sweep



Its high-topp'd curling wave and sheet,
 With clashing murmurs as they meet ?
 Ah !—who can view this vast expanse,
 Its skimming millions playful dance,
 Inhabitants who float or dive,
 Regardless of the current's drive :
 Their varied shapes, their varied size,
 Their scale-clad backs and piercing eyes ;
 The birds that calmly take their seat
 Upon the wave—compos'dly eat—
 Who can but trembling interest feel ?
 And ask the hand that moves the wheel—
 The wheel of nature—who, but God,
 Could thus control things by a word ?
 Create a storm—or say be still,
 Submissive seas obey his will.

Stupendous wave, thou owns't the hand,
 Thy floods upon the fertile land
 Dare not exceed the bounds that's giv'n,—
 Dare not exceed, tho' wildly driv'n :

Step o'er that bound, "Thus far ye go,
And not another step:"—but know
The hand that does thy waves restrain,
Attempt it—still thy efforts' vain.

But man, presumptuous mortal man,
Dares to offend a God so great;
He trembles at the raging billow,
But not at Him who seas create.

Strange, stubborn, blind infatuation,
Were does that foolish man exist,
Whose impious arm presumes to lift,
In blind rebellion dare persist?

My God! when all thy works submit,
When all thy works obey thy will,
Shall man alone dispute thy pow'r,
And live in weak rebellion still?

But, oh! the child that dare offend
Against a pow'r so great, so high,
I shudder for that child, who dare
Rebel, offend, or tell a lie.

Almighty, great and powerful God,
 May I escape thy fiercer rod—
 The ocean—what! thy wrath's still more,—
 Could hurl the wretch against its shore;
 Could dash the puny rebel's head,
 And sink him 'neath thy billow's bed.

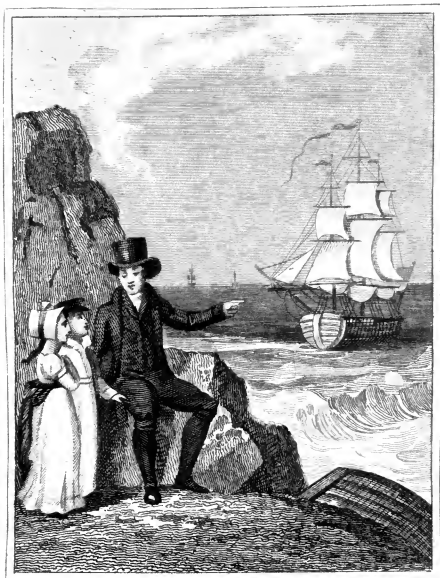
Then, oh! Jehovah, King above,
 In pow'r great, so great in love,
 By promise, and by oath has sworn,
 That those who do thy pow'r own,
 And yield obedience to thy word,
 That thou will be to them a Lord.
 A Lord! who will protection give,
 That they shall in love's ocean live;
 And will at last their souls receive
 Into thy heav'n of heav'n's above,
 T'explore thy pow'r, adore thy love.

15.—THE SHIP.

SEE the ship that swiftly glide
O'er the troubled swelling tide ;
See how it spreads its whiten'd sail,
Urg'd in its progress by the gale.

Can this machine, in triumph ride
Secure upon the briny tide ?—
Can it surmount the lashing wave,
And stormy tempest's horrors brave ?—
Can in it's path o'er seas pursue,
When land recedes from distant view,
To ports unknown,—to havens far,
Can it convey the generous tar ?
Yes ! this machine of enterprize
Pursues its way, and, lo ! the skies
Is the unwearied sailors' guide
Across the unfathom'd ocean's tide :

THE SHIP.



See the ship that swiftly glide
O'er the troubled swelling tide;
See how it spreads, its whiten'd sail,
Urg'd in its progress by the gale.



It wanders o'er the trackless deep,
While surging murmurs lash and weep ;
The lifting bark o'er billows rise,
While mountain seas approach the skies,
Then down the sheeting wave is hurl'd,
While wave to wave in fury's curl'd.

Still persevering on its course,
Encounters each uniting force ;
At length the wish'd-for land appear,
The sea-beat sailors' heart to cheer.
Nearing the port with anxious eyes,
The bark with rapid motion flies,
When lo ! they anchor in the sound,
With firm grasp in the clay-bed ground :
Their ship is safe, at anchor rides
Majestic on the ebbing tides.

Grand emblem this of human life,
With all its ebbs, its flows, and strife ;

Man like the floating bark is toss'd,
 And by life's varied currents cross'd;
 And he who's destitute of grace,
 Is wildly drove from place to place :
 Is like a ship without a helm,
 Who strives to steer—but seas o'erwhelm;
 Toss'd at the pleasure of the wave,
 Blind, wearied, pilgrim to the grave.

But happy he who grace secures,
 How smoothly he life's gale endures,
 He knows the port to which he's bound,
 Altho' the seas he cannot sound :
 Christ is his pilot—takes the helm,
 Then where's the wave that can o'erwhelm?
 The haven of his rest he eyes,
 And calm,—the tempest's rage defies :
 And let the sea be 'ere so rough,
 Let but the pilot say—enough,
 The wave recedes, the wind is calm,
 The striving bark is freed from harm.



THE BOAT.



Boats are intended for men's use,
And not for Boys to play,
Children do often cause alarm,
By going in danger's way.

Children, 'tis on life's sea you're cast,
 The threatening cloud increases fast;
 Make Christ your pilot, and your friend,
 He'll safely guide you to the end:
 He'll smooth life's sea, while you will ride
 Triumphant o'er the swelling tide;
 The haven of his rest you'll gain,
 For ever freed from toil and pain.

16.—THE BOAT.

THE little boat that skims so nice
 Upon the chrystal stream,
 Appears to fly by fairy hands,
 I view it like a dream.

Excursions in a little boat,
 When manag'd well with care,
 Are very pleasant;—but young boys
 Alone, should never dare

To venture on the rippling stream,
For boats are soon upset ;
And danger lurks, they may get drown'd,
If not, get very wet.

Boats are intended for men's use,
And not for boys to play ;
Children do often cause alarm,
By going in danger's way.

Children may admire the boat,
And watch it as it glide ;
May view its make, its rudder see,
That operates as guide.

Just as the boat turns to the helm,
So children should obey ;
And do the thing which they are bid,
And go no other way.



THE SHIPWRECK



What means yon dark and angry sky,
Yon rolling billow swelling high,
The threat'ning murmurs of the gale,
The lashing of the close reef'd sail.

17.—THE SHIPWRECK.

WHAT means yon dark and angry sky,
Yon rolling billow swelling high ;
The threat'ning murmurs of the gale,
The lashing of the close-reef'd sail ;
The fork'd-lightning's vivid flash,
The surf-charg'd billows' surly dash ;
The mariner's foreboding fears,
The females' salt-charg'd frantic tears ;
The quivering lip, the smiting knee,
The fretted bark as lightning flee ;
The anxious look, the fearful eye,
The master's half-choak'd cry—stand by ;
What does it mean ? alas ! the cloud
Its terrors vent—the tighten'd shroud
Snaps like a thread—the mast gives way—
Prelude disaster of the day.

Awful! the driving gale pursues,
And night's dark mantle, cloaks the views;
The view of horror's spreading grave,
And severs hope—faint hope to save;
Collecting clouds—increasing gales,
Shreds up the few remaining sails;
The labouring bark, with unshipp'd helm,
Drives thro' the wave, while waves o'erwhelm,
The enraged ocean's driving blast,
Wears out the trembling bark at last;
Its parting timbers—threatening death,
Half-drown'd the sailor gasps for breath;
Lash'd to the deck, the morning dawns,
The troubled deep's wide chasm yawns;
It's fury mocks all distant hope,
Still wildly clinging to the rope;
As peeps the morn, the frantic eye
Surveys expanded sea and sky;
No friendly help appears in sight,
While hope 'gainst hope prolongs the fight,

The nerve unstrung, the beating heart
Looks on the timbers as they part.
The elements in fury march,
As lightnings dart across the arch ;
The frowning arch of heav'n's sky,
While mists with spray confused fly ;
Death in his fiercest aspects stare,
And on his frightened victims glare ;
Hour succeeds hour—still no relief,
Prayers mingle winds—but heav'n's deaf ;
Ejaculations wild are cast,
Escape and mingle with the blast ;
The drenched clothing—swollen limb,
The starting eye-ball—growing dim
The want of 'food—the salt-gall'd drink,
Reluctive taken as they sink ;
Sick, frantic, foodless, cold, and tost,
Looks round—surrenders all as lost.

Again, the dreaded shades of night
Are usher'd in—and parting light

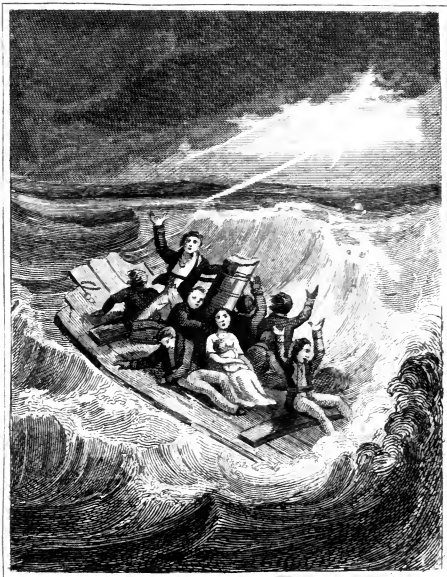
Drives wilder wildness—hope expires,
Dies martyr'd, pierc'd by wild desires.

The floating deck from its hull riven,
Uncertain wanderer fiercely driven
Through trackless waters—distant far
Supports the clinging half-drown'd tar :
The day recedes, and closing light
Brings new-born fears, as near's the night.

Night's sable mantle once more spread,
Adds terrors to terrific's dread ;
The prayer, the wish, the anxious sigh,
Is frantic vented—t'wards the sky ;
The lightning's solitary flash
Gives moment views as waters dash,
And bury 'neath the raging wave
Half-sacrific'd—a moment's grave ;
Then hurl'd, and to the surface rise
To breathe—and vent a wish to th' skies ;
Replung'd—reburied—exhausted—faint—
Aid language, or I fail to paint.



THE SHIPWRECK



Viewing the ag'd, the fair & the young
Upon the planks a tied down throng
When tighten'd ropes gall round the waist,
Wanderers by billows wildly chas'd.

Again, an angry morn appears,
 No prospect to remove the fears;
 No! but the airy thread of hope
 Sinks in the wave—refuse her prop.

Thro' want of food the lighten'd brain,
 Impossible with all her train,
 Pass in disorder'd march awhile
 Distracted—willingly beguile;
 The flimsy curtain when withdrawn,
 And momentary reason dawn;
 When quick succeeding gulphs are shown,
 When from the liquid mountain thrown;
 When cries the infant at the breast,
 In vain for milk, and wildly prest;
 When viewing ringlets flowing wild,
 The only covering for her child;
 When viewing ag'd, and fair, and young,
 Upon the planks a tied-down throng;
 When tighten'd ropes gall round the waist,
 Wanderers by billows wildly chas'd;

When looks of horror, tears of grief,
 Wash'd from the eye the 'lone relief;
 When wildly gazing at the wave,
 And viewing an unfathom'd grave;
 All airy phantoms disappear,
 Death in full view, and vents a tear.

Five dismal nights and awful days,
 Driv'n wildly o'er a ocean's maize;
 From hope cut off—nak'd planks the bark,
 Expos'd 'mid hunger, cold, and dark;
 The cheerless nights—with beating sleet,
 Thunders roaring, frightful greet;
 The deafen'd ear—the frantic mind,
 The fugitives of adverse wind
 Hope! but, ah! could hope exist—
 Could madness hope—in hope presist?
 What eye could pity, or what hand
 Could save the sufferer, when the land
 Was distant far?—who then could hope,
 Or who repose, on such a prop?

But God, who rides upon the storm,
 In tender mercy looked down,
 And ey'd the suff'ers' certain fate ;
 Sent help to rescue from the state
 Of peril on the boist'rous wave,
 And save them from a watery grave.

Five suff'ring days and nights near past,
 When, lo ! three sail were nearing fast,
 The exhausted sufferers espied ;
 With keen anxiety they ey'd
 The vessels nearing, as appear'd,
 And hope once more a moment cheer'd.

Reviving—hoping—trusting—praying,
 Night approaching—rescue staying ;
 Mountain waves their fury dashing,
 O'er the trembling planks while crashing ;
 Beating hearts—and staring eyes,
 Reclining day—and lowering skies ;
 Vessels distant—fogs appearing,
 Hope of life—still hope fails cheering ;

Hope alternate with despair,
 Enquiring where's the one who dare
 Risk a boat—attempt the task,
 Eager they each other ask.

They vent a prayer. Oh, God of power,
 Assist at this important hour!

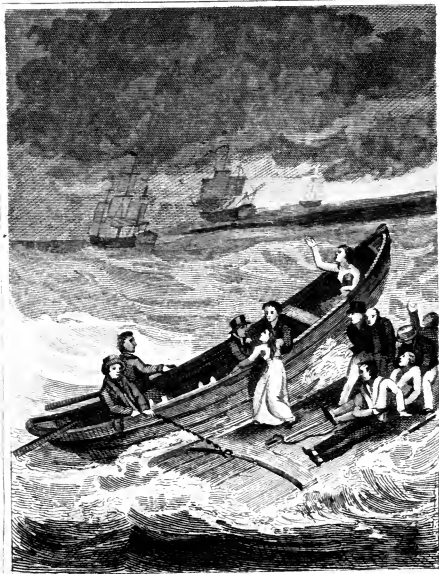
Swift the winds convey'd the prayer:
 The generous tar resolves to share
 The dangers of the helpless few,
 His bosom beat as near'd the view;
 The noble feeling of the tar
 Beat high—sprang forth—and cried, Who dare,
 With me, launch forth to rescue, save
 Yon suffering souls?—prove now who's brave.

Fir'd at the chance, the gen'rous crew
 Lower'd down the boat, and swiftly flew;
 Brav'd every danger of the wave,
 To rescue from a watery grave.

This was their motto:—thus they strove,
 While angry waves against them drove.



THE SHIPWRECK



Most gladly they the planks forsake,
Venturing in the friendly boat,
Praying that they may safely float
To the wish'd for Vessels.

God blest their efforts—sav'd their boat;
 They strive, and persevere, and float:
 Th' exhausted sufferers' anxious eyes
 Watch'd every fall, and every rise,
 Of boist'rous, murm'ring, curling waves.
 The boat it lives ;—it lives and saves
 New life ! the anguish'd heart revives
 New life ! the generous tar hard strives,
 Nears the ill-fated planks, and springs,
 Invigor'd as with eagles' wings:
 The feeble sufferers—grateful eyeing,
 Reviving, strives commence untying ;
 Deliverance new life inspires,
 And hope of life each bosom fires ;
 Feeble, trembling efforts make,
 Most gladly they the planks forsake ;
 Venturing into the friendly boat,
 Praying that they may safely float
 To the wish'd-for vessels—were
 They'd meet with hospitable cheer.

Wedge'd in the boat, the oar is ply'd,
 The lifting billow fearful ey'd
 Roars vengeance—but God be ador'd,
 They strive, and all get safe on board;
 On board the friendly ships 'ere night
 Had hid them from the passing sight.

Weak and enfeebled—famish'd—sore,
 Now warm'd, and nourish'd, they adore
 The wond'rous providence and care
 Of Him who did in mercy spare,
 And save them from the threat'ning wave,
 And from the billows yawning grave:
 'Mid friends, and countrymen, and food,
 They own the goodness of the Lord.

Great is the Lord, in wonders great,
 He saves from storms, and storms create:
 'Tis He the winds and waves obey,
 His steps are in the mighty sea:
 His voice is heard in every breeze,
 That wafts the foliage of the trees;

But in the hurricanes' strong course,
 'Tis then we hear his louder voice ;
 When hurried currents of the air
 The ocean's mighty waters rear,
 In dreaded majesty, and pride,
 And terror, on the winds do ride :
 When foaming billows hoarse proclaim,
 Sublime, terrific, grandeur name ;
 The power that lifts their heads so high,
 Their liquid mountains to the sky ;
 When lightnings rapid flash and glare,
 And thunders rend the troubled air ;
 Terrific consort—roaring waves,
 As winds, with waters, wildly craves
 A part in the horrific song,
 That sounds so loud, and sounds so long.

God, then, in majesty appear,
 And trembling mortals betray fear ;
 The guilty conscience fearing smites,
 Death's horrid forms the sinner frights ;

The load of guilt bears hard in death,
 Reluctantly they yield their breath:
 Expects an ushering to God's bar—
 Great God! dare man presume—who dare,
 With apathy or coolness, eye
 Th' unfathom'd grave—apparent nigh.

What wisdom does that man betray,
 Who early walks in wisdom's way;
 Who early treads the path to heav'n,
 Obtains through Christ his sins forgiv'n:
 True wisdom is the choice of good,
 Being reconcil'd through Christ to God;
 The way is plain, no one need err,
 Who to the word of God refer;
 His gracious will he has reveal'd,
 And Christ that will, by blood has seal'd;
 And they who do an interest gain
 In Christ—fear neither death nor pain;
 Dangers—storms, or sunless sky,
 Or rough-topp'd billows roaring high,

Moves not the saint:—his anchor's fixt,
 And naught can ever get betwixt
 His soul and his supporting God,
 He hangs upon his promis'd word;
 In storms he reads his Father's pow'r;
 In danger's blackest darkest hour:
 He learns to trust and to repose
 In God his Father, as he knows
 His ills, his dangers, and his fears,
 Inspires confidence that cheers:
 He knows his Father loves to prove
 His strength of confidence and love;
 He knows when storms and life is past,
 He'll live and reign with Christ at last.

Thrice happy man—thrice happy saint,
 No language can thy pleasure paint
 Blest here below—and blest above,
 To know that God and heav'n is love.

THE royal Psalmist observes, — “that they who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in deep waters, see the wonders of the deep;” and we may venture to add, the sublime, majestic grandeur of the wonderful works of God, as manifest in and by the mighty ocean. The unavoidable brevity of these remarks and reflections, forbid us entering into detail on every subject that presents itself of an interesting nature connected with the ocean;—its vast extent—its tides and currents;—its sparkling appearance on a dark night when agitated—the multiplicity and variety of its finny inhabitants;—its mountainous waves, when swelled by infuriated winds, and its fathomless depth,—all of which afford subject, matter for pleasing enquiry and profitable meditation. Children generally, and especially those living in inland towns, have very confused ideas respecting the vast expanse of waters collected in the mighty ocean; they hear and read of ships and the sea, and that those ships navigate the seas, and wander through trackless paths to distant regions of the earth: but still how these things are effected, and the terrific grandeur of

the mighty wave, are subjects of which the Juvenile mind is, or can be, but little acquainted with.

To pourtray the terrors of a storm, or picture its awful sublimity, is utterly out of the power of mortal: words are too puny and limited of expression to convey any idea. The ship is a noble machine; and to see her, in proud majesty, marching o'er the tempestuous waves, and making the distant and proposed haven, loaded with cargoes of merchandize, creates astonishment at the consideration: the boat is a most useful auxiliary, and very frequently accomplishes more arduous and difficult enterprizes than its august companion, the ship. In the poem of the Shipwreck, I have endeavoured (though faintly) to give an idea of the peril and danger that those who are engaged in maritime affairs are exposed to: an actual shipwreck I myself suffered, gave rise to the poem. In the year 1809, I took my passage at Quebec, in North America, on board of the *Rose of Newry*, bound from thence to London, which place we left on the 13th of October—crew and passengers being twenty-two individuals. On the 31st, being then in the Atlantic Ocean, we en-

countered a most severe storm, which dismasted
 our ship, and rendered her a complete wreck;
 no other vessel being in sight, and being more
 than six hundred miles from any land, our situa-
 tion was one the most perilous. In this state of
 peril, privation, and suspense, we continued until
 the 5th of November, when three British vessels
 hove in sight, and providentially espied our shat-
 tered bark; and British bravery and humanity
 was exerted in our rescue, at the great risque of
 their own lives: it was then that the value of the
 little boat was seen, when the parting timbers of
 our trembling wreck were deserting our feet: the
 character of the British sailor manifested itself,
 which is a compound of cool intrepidity—deter-
 mined bravery—unlimited generosity—unbounded
 humanity—and a thirst to achieve impossibilities,
 where humanity beckons; they are men the most
 useful. Look at the advantages accruing to so-
 ciety from their enterprize;—what communica-
 tions they open with distant countries. Had it
 not been for the interesting realities that navi-
 gation has developed, we should have been, at
 this day, wrapt in stupid ignorance, and should



THE POOR CRIPPLE GIRL



They trudg'd along, when one espied
A little cleanly Girl,
Going hopping on a wooden crutch,
With gingerbread to sell.

foolishly have thought that the extent of God's universe was bounded by our horizon; but now, through the skill, enterprize, and perseverance of our sailors, communications and intercourse is opened and maintained with all nations, and people, and tongues; the luxuries and wealth of every clime is brought to our doors; and, what is better, the glad tidings of salvation is sounded and proclaimed in foreign lands, through the medium of ships conveying the heralds of peace;—the savage and the degraded Cannibal is taught to revere the name of a Briton.

18.—THE POOR CRIPPLE GIRL.

Two little sisters had got leave
 To walk into the fields,
 With little baskets for to pluck
 Wild flowers—which nature yields.

I'll give you mine, then, Sarah said,
And only take one cake ;
They look so nice, but any more
I really will not take.

The little cripple eyed them both,
Accept my thanks, I pray ;
And if you're not in any haste,
With me one moment stay.

I have five brothers now at home,
My father he is dead ;
My mother she has been long sick,
And's now confin'd to bed.

I bring these ginger-cakes to sell,
And they are very good ;
At night I take the money home,
And with it purchase food.

I am a cripple, as you see,
 My leg it mortified :
 It was cut off—could say no more,
 Sobs choak'd her as she sigh'd.

The sisters left her and went on,
 Grew careless of their flowers ;
 Then Mary said, we'll see again
 That girl—Oh, gracious powers !

Poor cripple—oh, thy fate is hard,
 I can't forget thy sigh ;
 Lord, look upon that crippl'd child,
 In mercy from on high.

Thoughtful—grateful—home they went,
 But Sarah quite asham'd,
 Because she took one cake—she begg'd
 It never might be nam'd.

Mary, the generous Mary, sigh'd,
And feelingly replied,
I never in my life have felt
More sweetly satisfied.

How thankful, sister, we should be,
We have our limbs and food ;
Our father and our mother lives,
And we have every good.

Oh! gracious heaven, hear my pray'r,
Thy blessings shed abroad ;
I'm thankful the poor crippl'd girl
Was trav'ling in our road.



HEALTH AND SICKNESS



Then youth, in health, your time improve,
Think not to banquet in the grove
Of unimpair'd and growing health.
For sickness marches on by stealth.

19.—HEALTH AND SICKNESS.

BLEST be that God who gives me health,
Of greater value than the wealth
Of India's rich and fertile shore ;
I prize my health, tho' I am poor.
Health has its ever-flowing charms,
And happy they who in its arms
The chequer'd paths of life glide o'er,
And pass in health from shore to shore.

Health is the gift of a kind God,
And sickness his correcting rod ;
Afflictions are the seeds of death,
The innate seed that points to earth,
See, when afflictions seize our frames,
And fevers kindle up their flames ; [thirst,
When rack'd with pains, and parch'd with
Life's bitter streams to us seem curs'd.

Our tabernacle of frail clay
Views the cold grave, and faints away ;
Revives, and clings to slender hope,
And sighs for health—oh, feeble prop.
Health with her rosy flow'ry train,
Add torture to our torturing pain ;
'Tis then we cast a wishful eye
On health—but she her charms deny.
We beckon her—our beckon's vain,
She mocks, and then retreats again ;
And leaves the gnaw-worm sickness still,
To use her saw-tooth'd sword at will.
The fabric trembles—hope recedes,
Death's minions on the carcase feeds ;
Insatiate is the leach of pain,
It racks each nerve, it dries each vein.
The started, chill'd, dewy sweat,
Its icy drops each other greet ;
The worn-out frame, with fleshless bones,
Vents sad soliloquies of groans.

The shrivell'd skin—the sunken eye,
 Medicine and hope alike defy ;
 The victim's seiz'd—the dart will plunge,
 And death awaits his threaten'd lunge.
 Important moment !—what, no gleam
 Of intervening hope between ?
 Stay, ask the victim, let him say
 If every hope has fled away ?

There is a hope beyond the grave,
 A hand that can in sickness save ;
 That can support—surmount each pain,
 And make alive the sicken'd slain.
 Hold out this hope—he feels the rod,
 The Christian's hope—is Jesu's blood.

What softens down the thorny bed,
 When health's fair hope has gone and fled ?
 What cheers the spirits and the mind,
 And where, in sickness, can we find
 A firm support, unfailing stay,
 When earthly hope has fled away ?

'Tis Christ—for he, the Christian's hope,
 Will prop th' afflicted sinner up ;
 Will teach the language of the heart,
 While nature sickens at the dart :
 To be—" Thy will be done, oh, God !"
 I yield—I faint, but kiss the rod.

Then youth, in health, your time improve,
 Think not to banquet in the grove
 Of unimpair'd and growing health,
 For sickness marches on by stealth :
 Her step is sudden, quick her bound,
 Darts on her victim as it's found ;—
 A midnight's silence mark'd approach,
 Lighted alone with fever's torch.

Watch well your gate, in health prepare,
 Your foes, tho' hardy, you may dare ;
 Make Christ your friend, he'll kindly save,
 For he did consecrate the grave ;
 You may, in health or sickness, sing
 All praise to your all-conq'ring King.



ON TIME



Improve your time—'tis short, 'tis flying.
Improve your time, for you are dying;
The only time that you can boast,
Is just the moment, at the most.

20.—ON TIME.

SIGNIFICANT ; but what a span,
Short space allow'd to creature man ;
Men, like a bubble, full of air,
Rise up—look round—and disappear.

Swift flies, oh ! Time, thy rapid wings
As swiftly moves—as swiftly brings
Thy changes on the earth's great stage,
Where trifles foolish men engage.
Infatuation seize their brain,
With all its follies in its train ;
Forgets for why they're born—and whence
They go—when Time will bear them hence.

How dang'rous to postpone—delay,
Put off life's work from day to day ;
The end for which our time is giv'n,
Is to prepare for life in heav'n.

Children should early learn for why
 They live, and that they soon must die ;
 Time's the preparatory state,
 We die—then meet our endless fate.
 Improve your time—'tis short, 'tis flying,
 Improve your time, for you are dying ;
 The only time that you can boast,
 Is just the moment, at the most.

WHEN we look at Time in all its bearings, with reference to ourselves, its short duration, its fleetness, its uncertainty, and its connection with eternity, it is then, and then only, when its true importance and value appears. How much time can the youngest, the most healthy and vigorous, boast of?—only the present moment! By what tenure do we hold it?—by the breath in our nostrils: and the breath in our nostrils is the simple and only partition betwixt us and eternity. When we challenge ourselves as to its past improvement, what can we answer?—We are compelled to acknowledge, that we have been guilty of foolish and extravagant waste of that which we never can recal.



A MORNING IN MAY



Then shall I not delight evince,
While treading nature's sod,
And gratefully adore, and own,
The works are thine — oh, God!

21.—A MORNING IN MAY.

SWEET, sweet's the breeze, the genial dews,
Of heart-reviving May;
My soul could stay with raptures here,
And meditate all day.

Sweet is the song of yonder thrush,
Hark ! at its playful note ;
Its melodies, what varied sound,
While warbling through its throat.

See, yonder careful mother-sheep,
And little frisking lamb ;
Yielding to instinct obedience,
It rallies round its dam.

The oxen their delight display,
Their eager mouthsful take ;
Content to eat their owner's grass,
Nor would his field forsake.

All nature clad in gay attire,
Appears in every view ;
And if my eyes still wander round,
The scene is pleasing new.

Then shall I not delight evince,
While treading nature's sod,
And gratefully adore, and own,
The works are thine—oh, God !

SPRING is allowed to be the most pleasing season of the year, and they who have the advantages of rural life, and know how to estimate those advantages they possess, can enjoy it with

the soaring lark, who joyfully mounts aloft, and hails the day and the return of Spring. In Winter, Nature appears entirely divested of beauty, the cattle are sorrowful and gloomy, and the harmonious inhabitants of the grove hide themselves in silent seclusion: in short, Nature's whole family are wrapt in the mantle of torpor and apparent insensibility; but let the reviving rays of the sun, in Spring, shed their enlivening influences, —let the charming month of May advance, then we see nature shaking herself from her recent chains of torpitude, beams forth with renewed energies:—the trees are again clad with their beautiful foliage;—the flowers bud, open, and expand; and the morning's genial breeze is perfumed with the fragrant odours emitted from the infinite variety of plants, flowers, and scented shrubs;—the feathered songsters vie with each other in their melodies;—the cattle forget not the vigour which animates them, but mingle their tributary expression of feeling delight. How pleasing—how healthy, it is for youth, whose circumstances in life admit a range through the fields in the morning, as soon as the great lamp

of heaven has arisen above our horizon, and gilded the East with charms and inexpressible beauty, to see the countless dew-drops, like pearls, suspended from every green leaf—to inhale the sweet and perfumed air. What incitements do the month of May present to early rising, and they who indulge themselves with unnecessary hours of slumber in bed, deprive themselves of one of the greatest pleasures of life;—a pleasure calculated to benefit both the body and mind. Who can breathe the pure air of spring? — who can survey a tree in leaf, or in blossom?—who can view the flowery and verdant mead, or the rising majesty of the new clad forest, without feeling lively sentiments of gratitude to that Being, who cried, Come forth. All nature, clad in beauty and verdure, presents an assemblage of monuments to the astonished eye, that proclaim, with joyful voice, the power, the wisdom, and goodness of their Creator. Where is the heart that does not expand at the survey, and, palpitating with renewed energy, silently adores the great first cause of all?—Where is the heart, insensible to pleasures so refined,

unfeeling as adamant, refuses to taste, nay, feast, upon the superlative dainties provided? "Oh, ye rising youth, shake off your habits of indolence, inactivity, and insensibility! The sweet month of May claims your attention; she invites you to participate the pleasures felt by all creation. Awake to your true interests; let not spring leave you as it found you, the same ungrateful, uninformed, and contracted creatures, but aspire to know much, and when your knowledge is of the right kind, it will lead you into the paths of humility; for it is a consequent result of contemplation of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in his works, will tend to lessen yourself in your own esteem, and constrain you to cry out, "*Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man that thou visitest him!*"

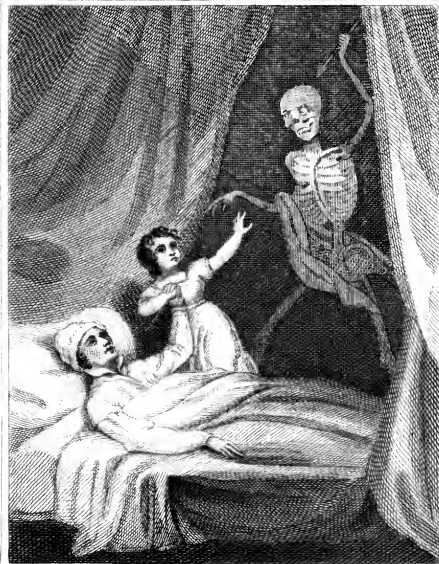
22.—THE DEATH OF A FATHER.

OH, fatal stroke!—must hope expire,
And shall my tender parent die?
The ghastly monarch, with charg'd quiver,
Points his poniard—mocks my cry.

Father, does his arrows pierce thee?
Reclines thy heart against its wall;
Faint and trembling art thou sinking,
Tastes thy lips the bitter'd gall?

Does thy weaken'd fabric tremble—
Will the grave my parent hide?
Oh! the stroke—I cannot bear it,
Must I lose my tenderest guide.

THE DEATH OF A FATHER



Does thy weaken'd fabric tremble—
Will the grave my parent hide?
Oh! the stroke—I cannot bear it,
Must I lose my tenderest guide.



Father! tell me, art thou dying?

Lingers yet thy quivering breath:

Is the foe the conquest gaining,

Must thou yield to conq'ring death?

Thy eye-balls sinking in their sockets,

Closing, shut to ope' no more:

Thy spirit quits its falling temple,

Quits to seek another shore.

This hour robs me of my father,

New-born troubles rise to birth:

Fatherless, and unprotected,

Cold he sinks to mother earth.

Floods of tears, could you relieve me,

Surely I'd relief obtain;

But, oh! my breaking heart assures me,

You can't assuage—tears flow in vain.

Chill'd is my prospect—let me linger
 Let me wash thy sacred bier
 With those tears I would deposit
 In the grave with thee, dear sire.

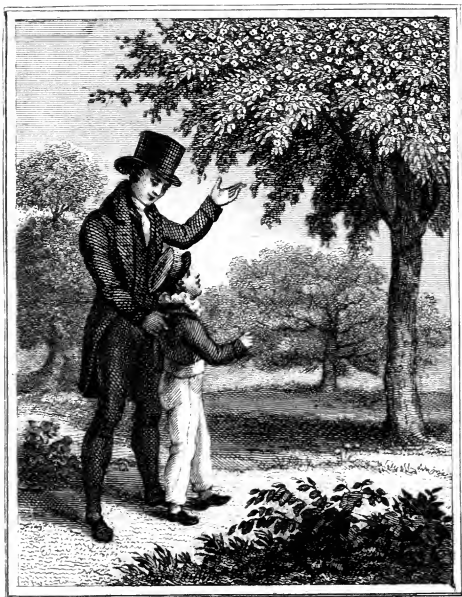
Greedy grave—respice thy victim,
 Suspend thy yawnings while I weep ;
 Take thy little infant mourner,
 Let me with my father sleep.

Oh, the sexton's delving weapon
 Shows no pity to a child ;
 Thy steel is polish'd with the ashes
 Of death's victims—Oh, I'm wild !

O, how cruel !—death has seiz'd him,
 And the grave's cold bosom yawns
 To receive her cold deposit,
 Chills my hopes, and sinks as dawns.



BLOSSOMS OF TREES.



O! youth view thy days as fleeting as flowers,
Waste not thy life's morning, but summon thy powers,
For youth is thy blossoming spring:

Heaven pardon, if I murmur,
 'Tis a child whose father's dead ;
 And the turf now hides its parent,
 All its hopes with him are fled.

Children, prize a tender father,
 Best protectors of the young ;
 Never let your conduct grieve them,
 Never vex them with your tongue.



23.—BLOSSOMS OF TREES.

I'LL away thro' the garden, the orchard, the field,
 And survey the rich blossoms which the trees gayly
 New creation of fragrance and flowers : [yield,
 I will steal from the throngs of business and care,
 And the pleasures and sweets of gay spring I will
 And revel 'neath nature's sweet bowers. [share,

Created anew—thrice happy 'mid pleasure,
 Spring wakes to indulgence, I gladly seize leisure,
 Surrounded with blossoms to teach :
 What painter could equal the rich cherry-tree,
 Or the innocent daisy at my foot that I see,
 Or attempt thy rich blossoms thou peach ?

Approach then, oh, mortal ! exert thy best skill,
 Make choice of thy pencil, or powers of quill,
 Thy picture then modestly hide :
 For nature's grand paintings must ever excel,
 Their richness and warmth for ever must tell,
 Thy powers, though great, are defy'd.

Still nature extends, and extending her arms,
 Presents her new beauties, her lustres and charms,
 Proclaims, in soft triumph and pride,
 That nature's great God is the artist who spoke,
 And this multiplied throng of blossoms awoke
 Into being—and art is defy'd.

Oh, youth ! view thy days as fleeting as flowers,
Waste not thy life's morning, but summon thy powers,

For youth is thy blossoming spring :

In the vigour of health court acquaintance with God,
Gather religion's fair fruits, and study his word,

Join chorus with nature and sing.

THERE is no season of the year more cheering and animating than that of Spring, and no season presents a greater or more pleasing field of speculative enquiry and contemplation, than when Nature, awakening from her slumbers, and roused to energy and fruitfulness, begins to present her tokens of abundance ; and, gathering all her smiles, looks down on highly-favoured man with assurances of renewed abundance. Surely a view of reviving nature must make the most torpid of our species crawl out of his shell of indolence, and must warm his heart with feelings of admiration and gratitude. When we view the buds of flowers, there we see them still enveloped in their covers, all their charms

veiled, and their beauties concealed; but let them burst forth from their confinement, and what do our ravished eyes behold?—a sight presents itself calculated to bring into exercise the warmest emotions, and the best feelings of the heart. Again the all-creating hand of God has renovated the earth, and called into existence a countless profusion of blossoms and flowers;—the fruit-trees beautifully studded with blossoms, impregnate the air with their odours, and in majesty and pride look down on their neighbour the cowslip, inferior in stature and gaiety. But flowers how short-lived!—a true emblem of the days of youth:—first, the bud of infancy when the beauty and energy of the soul is not developed—the faculties not expanded—and the hopes of fond parents not confirmed. Youth! follow not the suggestions of youthful fancy, and pursue not the fierce ebullitions of desire and the wild fury of passion; they will serve only to blast your innocency, destroy the sweet sensibility of your heart, and render your mind base, gloomy, and wretched, and your heart will early pulsate to tears of bitterness; and while you have



DUTY TO PARENTS.



The first command, with promise giv'n,
Is, Children, honour give
Unto your parents, that ye may
On earth have long to live.

the privilege of knowing God, and reading of his power, his mercy, and his love, in every blossom that unfolds itself to view, know this, that true beauty in youth consists alone in the works of piety, and the fruits of virtue.

24.—DUTY TO PARENTS.

WE read that Moses did ascend
To Sinai's Mount to take
The ten commandments from God's hand,
And that the mount did shake.

He did the written Law receive
From the great God above ;
And those commandments God did give,
From motives of pure love.

The first command, with promise giv'n,
 Is, "Children, honour give
 "Unto your parents, that ye may
 "On earth have long to live'

God is well pleas'd with children who
 Their parents do obey;
 Who strict obedience willing yield,
 And loving reverence pay.

But those who mind not this command,
 Who tread a diff'rent path,
 Must, most assuredly, expect
 To meet God's awful wrath.

Then where's the child who dare oppose
 The sov'reign Laws of heav'n?
 Who dare his parents disobey,
 And hope to be forgiv'n.



THE WATCHMAN.



If children would but learn from me,
And from extravagance would flee,
And mind the golden rule:

No ! God in anger marks that child,
 And still his mercy's loathe ;
 But justice will, tho' mercy pleads,
 That wicked child cut off.

Then, child, obey the just command,
 The promise then is thine ;
 Obedience will insure God's love,
 Whose laws are all divine.



25.—THE WATCHMAN

COLD was the night—the clock struck ten,
 When lustily cried faithful Ben,
 The watchman of the street :
 The wind blew rough, and chimnies fell,
 He cried the hour, and cried it well,
 As fell the cutting sleet.

The pelting storm increased fast,
As poor old Ben was going past
 My father's kitchen-door :
For mercies' sake, my father cried,
As soon as he Ben's lanthorn spied,
 Step in, don't mind the floor.

It is a dreadful night, said Ben,
And when it will be fair again
 I really do not know :
For signs and chimnies fly about,
The rain o'erflows the turret's spout
 Into the streets below.

My father shook his head, and said,
Well, Ben, you hardly earn your bread ;
 Tell me, are you no trade ?
Ben, hesitating, said, I'm not,
A little learning, Sir, I've got,
 He sigh'd as thus he said :

I had a handsome fortune left,
 But of a guide by death bereft,
 My father died ;—and I
 Gave unrestrain'd indulgence vent,
 And very soon to ruin went,
 Which remedy defy.

Fool that I was—I'm now poor Ben,
 Must wander through the streets from ten,
 Till peeps the morning's dawn :
 A parent knows not his child's fate,
 But should restrain 'ere its too late,
 Or keens the piercing thorn.

If children would but learn from me,
 And from extravagance would flee,
 And mind the golden rule :
 That child who does his money spend,
 To vain pursuits his time will lend,
 I call that child a fool.

The gale it ceas'd, and Ben withdrew,
Just as the clock was striking two,

I heard his lusty voice :

You are a watchman, true, thought I,
(I thought of Ben, and heav'd a sigh,)

Compell'd, and not from choice.

Children should watch their actions well,
And never let gay notions dwell,

Or occupy their mind :

But straight pursue the path that's right,
And follow good with all their might,

The advantage they will find.



26.—THE BUTTERFLY.

I SEE thee, giddy flirting thing,

I see thy gay bespangled wing ;

Tell me thy birth, and why so gay,

It was but just the other day

THE BUTTERFLY.



I see thee, giddy flirting thing,
I see thy gay bespangled wing;
Tell me thy birth, and why so gay,
It was but just the other day



I saw thee crawl—pray tell me why,
 Thou’st left the ground and learnt to fly?
 A caterpillar of the ground,
 Drest gaudy in the air is found,
 With zig-zag course and flights as wild,
 Thou plaything of the cruel child;
 Enjoy thyself in flights as high
 As ’ere thou can’st—thou soon must die,
 And lay thy painted clothing by.

Oh! emblem thou, of all mankind,
 In thee we read—in thee we find—
 Our birth, our follies, and our strife,
 To fly the zig-zag paths of life :
 Few are thy days of gaudy show,
 And so are man’s—but man should know
 That he for other ends is born,
 Than that to eat, or to adorn,
 Or please his appetite’s desire,
 Feed vanity,—or self admire.

I leave thee, fly—thyself enjoy,
 And could I rule the cruel boy,
 Thy tinsell'd wings should ne'er be hurt,
 While thou can'st fly and playful flirt;
 Aid then variety and fly,
 So gaudy Butterfly, good bye.

27.—THE WASP

THE Wasp flies briskly through the air,
 With pretty yellow wing;
 Obstruct his course, he'll make you feel
 The venom of his sting.

Its very pleasing for to view
 His pretty wings and feet;
 To do it safely, watch his course,
 And where he takes his seat.

THE WASP.



True emblem of a peevish child,
Who never can be pleas'd;
To whom an act of friendship's wrong,
Teasing is always teas'd.



He's handsome, but his temper's bad,
 So never with him play;
 He cares not who he stings, not he,
 Stand clear, give him the way.

True emblem of a peevish child,
 Who never can be pleas'd;
 To whom an act of friendship's wrong,
 Teasing is always teas'd.

Just cross that child, you hear it cry,
 And if it had a sting,
 Worse than a Wasp that child would prove,
 The little peevish thing.

A child that's peevishly dispos'd,
 Companion vices, nurse; [proves
 Gains strength with years, and that child
 A blessing? No;—a curse.

Then, while the Wasp you view with fear,
And yet admire his hue,
Correct your waspish, peevish faults,
Or else he pourtrays you.

That child is 'ere admired most,
Whose conduct is most pure ;
The beauties of the mind excel,
And will through life endure.

A cultivated mind will bloom,
While beauty fades with age ;
Then while pursuits of profit call,
Let all your pow'rs engage.

Most children are much pleased with the appearance of Butterflies, but it is to be lamented that so many should manifest a wanton and cruel disposition towards such pretty little creatures. That child who would chase down a

butterfly, for no other purpose than that of depriving it of its wings, evinces a disposition the most wanton and barbarous. I would remind such an one, that the unoffending and innocent victim of his barbarity is an insect of singular origin, clothed with beautiful feathers, adorned with a profusion of the most elegant gradation of colours, and penciled with a peculiar delicacy. What! covered with feathers?—Yes; and were one of the cruel hunters of butterflies to view one of his victims through the medium of the microscope, he could not but admire its singular beauty: he would see with what harmony those spots, which give such relief to the other parts of their gay attire, were arranged; he would discover that that dust upon its wings, which his rude fingers had displaced, were feathers, of the most exquisite richness and perfection. Surely the view would check him in his barbarous pursuits, and cause a feeling of regret in his mind that he had ever been so cruel: and how astonishing that this brilliant insect should proceed from a worm, and although he now sports in the sun, and exhibits such magnificent wings, the

other day he crept on the earth, and was a worm of mean and abject appearance.

The Wasp is a beautiful insect, of a peevish disposition, armed with a sting, and generally dreaded by children, and if a child foolishly interrupts his progress, he makes the aggressor to feel his venom. In both these insects we see the perfection of the works of nature, which, contrary to the works of art, appear more perfect by minute examination. What hand wove thy rich dresses, and clad thee with such elegance, thou beauteous insect?—tell the enquiring child. Thou answerest — it was God, whose wisdom and power is as manifest in thy creation, as in that of the monstrous Whale, or the noble Elephant.—Oh, God! I would praise thee, for thy ways are past finding out.



THE SCHOOL.



Contrast a child that's good, with one
Who hates his book and school;
What picture does the blockhead give,
But that he is a fool?

28.—S C H O O L.

CHILDREN are sent to school to learn,
And diligent should be ;
Then their improvement will shine forth,
And all will plainly see,

That they are good, and friends will praise ;
Their parents will caress
The child who diligently tries
Sound learning to possess.

Abundant cause for gratitude
Have children, who are taught
At School to read, to spell, and write,
And are from ign'rance brought.

What is a child, unlearnt, untaught,-
His mind is wild and vague;
A book is seal'd—his vacant time
Is irksome and a plague.

What better than poor Afric's son,
Or savage of the wood,
Who wildly run thro' deserts, moors,
To join the chase of blood?

But learning curbs the wand'ring mind,
It chases nature's night;
Affords a mental feast, and gives
A soul-reviving light.

Prize, children, prize your book while young,
Anticipate your school;
When you've a chance to learn, and not,
You ought to die a fool.

Children who neglect to learn,
Give evidence they're bad ;
What must a tender parent feel,
Whose son is such a lad !

Such children must be whipt and scourg'd,
They don't deserve to eat ;
For 'tis the diligent alone
Are worthy of their meat.

Contrast a child that's good, with one
Who hates his book and school ;
What picture does the blockhead give,
But that he is a fool ?

Then view the diligent and good,
The child whose willing mind
Is bent on learning—ever tries
To seek, the prize—he'll find.

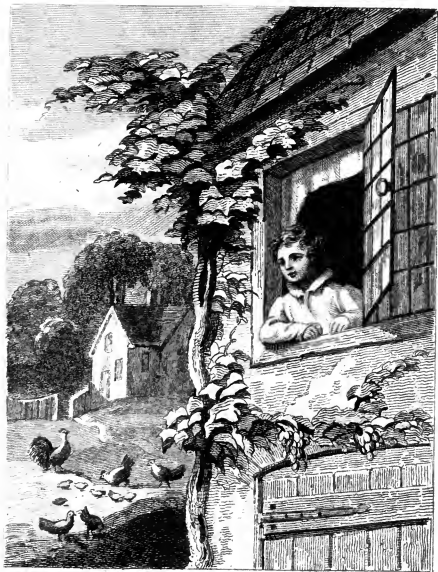
29.—THE COCK, OR EARLY RISING.

THE Cock he crows, it's time to rise,
The sun is mounting in the skies ;
The morning's fine, and I should know
It's time to rise, when he does crow.

See how majestic he appears,
And slyly laying down his ears,
Listening—looking out for food
For the hen's young tender brood.

He's got a very pretty comb,
He seldom wanders from his home ;
His feathers are both clean and bright,
He goes to rest betime at night.

THE COCK.



The Cock he crows, it's time to rise,
The sun is mounting in the skies;
The morning's fine, and I should know
It's time to rise, when he does crow.



What lesson does the Cock teach me ?
Why, early rising—that like he,
The sweets of morning may enjoy,
And make myself an healthy boy.

Early I should the morning greet,
Inhale its cheering breezes sweet ;
And early pay my vows to heav'n,
Which thus the morning's dawn has giv'n.

Like him, content at home should stay,
And never wander far away ;
Like him, with cheerful heart and voice,
In nature's God I should rejoice.

30.—THE EARTHQUAKE.

NATURE's phenomenon is grand,
The earthquake rents the rock or land,
 Its sudden shock's severe :
House, church, or palace, yielding falls,
Th' affrighted inmate buried calls,
 But buried, crush the tear.

The starting tear, the frantic look,
The trembling heart, the wall forsook,
 In general silence hid :
The gaping earth its prey devours,
Its victims in its chasm pours,
 Closes on cries forbid.

THE EARTHQUAKE.



Crush'd in the momentary chasm,
A glutted grave, unknown, unfathom'd
For ever hides from light.



Crush'd in the momentary chasm,
A glutt'd grave, unknown, unfathom'd,
For ever hides from light
Whole cities, villages, or towns,
And in earth's gaping bosom drowns,
In dismal midnight's night.

What devastation in one hour,
When God his judgments vengeance pour,
Read Lisbon's horrid fate:
Ask now the place were Lisbon stood?
Yes, ask of Tagus' swelling flood?
You ask, but ask too late.

Lord! when in anger thou art arm'd,
When earth obeys—gapes at command,
Her hurried victims fall:
Thy word gone forth, with power arm'd,
To opening horrors sink—alarm'd,
The thousands stifled call.

Oh! holy God, how awful—grand
The heaving earth—the trembling land

Oh, man! hear judgment's voice :
And, listening, yield to mercy's call,
Avoid the judgments that must fall,
And in this God rejoice.

Rejoice with trembling—fear to sin,
Hell gapes in vain to take you in,
While you obedient prove :
'Tis God's delight to save and show
His mercies to us worms below,
And make us share his love.

Soon will this earth convulsions feel,
And soon time's rapid worn-out wheel
Will break—to move no more :
The flinty hills, the mountains stone,
Convuls'd, consum'd, consuming groan,
The earth, with all her store,

Will in one general fire burn,
And into native nothing turn :

My God !—then where will I—
Where will I stand ?—what then my fate ?
Repentance then will be too late,
Must I for ever die ?

My God, forbid ; lead—draw—my mind,
Drive—punish—let but mercy find,
Thy mercy in me prove :
So, when in air I stand and see
The flaming worlds, Lord, fir'd by thee,
Then let me fly above.

Securely stand, composedly gaze,
View nature's wreck and general blaze,
Triumphant then I'll raise
My grateful voice, and join heav'n's choir,
Strain joyous note—increasing higher
In everlasting praise.

THE youth who is ambitious to gain information will dive into every record calculated to instruct; he will read with corresponding interest the appalling details of the devastations of an Earthquake, as the pleasing descriptives of a Landscape, or Pastoral beauties. Earthquakes certainly are, of all the terrors in Nature, the most awful, and attended with consequences the most destructive: when the hills tremble, and the mountains rock to their centre—when the earth heaves, opens, and swallows whole cities, with the affrighted populations, well may the mortal tremble! For who can stand before the Almighty when he exercises his power—when he gives volcanic matter licence to burst from its confines in the bosom of the earth?—who can restrain its operations, or stay its ravages?—On the 1st of November, in the year 1755, the city of Lisbon, in Portugal, was completely destroyed by an earthquake: the earth opened its chasm, and received in a moment into its extended jaws the city and many thousands of its inhabitants. Picture to yourself the feelings of the afflicted survivors, who, on turning round,

could discover little or no traces of their ill-fated city. The ravages of this earthquake was not confined to Lisbon only, but St. Ubes, a town adjacent, was also destroyed: the cities of Fez and Morocco were greatly injured, and many of the inhabitants fell the victims of its devastation: the shock was felt in many different countries, and the waters of Loch-Lomond, in the West of Scotland, rose several inches on its bed at the moment when devastation had seized Lisbon as a victim. In surveying these works of desolation, we cannot but stand in awe; and the mind must be impressed with the greatness of that power, which causes such convulsions in nature, and that it is against that power the puny rebel man offends. Tremble, oh! child, to sin; but rather carry your thoughts to that period when the great Archangel will declare that time shall be no longer;—when nature will expire in general convulsion;—when this our earth will rock in her orbit, and when the whole artillery of heaven will be employed to effect the destruction of the Universe;—when God will commission his secret magazines that exist in the bosom of the globe

to kindle, and the earth and all that therein is will be burnt up. Who dare, under such reflections, lift their puny arm in rebellion against Omnipotence, and defy God to his face?—that God who requires not the laboured convulsions of obedient nature by earthquake to sweep off a few thousands of rebels from the earth, when he could commission his winds to rise and feed them with flame that would effect all the purposes of his will. Earthquakes, terrible as they are in their partial effects, still they may be essentially necessary in the economy of God's government, and an absolute blessing to the general whole! Let us then, with silent awe, stand still, and adore that great God who suffers children to approach the footstool of his mercies'-seat, and address him by the endearing appellation of "Father."



THE GOOD CHILD'S PRAYER.



Oh! make me subject to thy will,
Thy will be done, not mine;
And let me bear thy image, Lord,
That image so divine.

31.—THE GOOD CHILD'S PRAYER.

OH! holy Father, God of love,
I pay my vows to thee;
I dare not cast my eyes t'ward heav'n,
In mercy pity me.

I feel my sins a heavy load,
My ignorance is great;
I would thou would'st my sins forgive,
My soul anew create.

Teach me the way to enter in,
Direct my feet, I pray;
I cast myself upon thee, Lord,
Oh! save me, or I stray.

Christ is the way, the truth, the life,
May I this Christ embrace ;
Remove my doubts, and faith implant,
Reveal to me thy face.

I know not how to pray aright,
Unless thou teach me, Lord ;
Oh ! give thy spirit to instruct,
And shine upon thy word.

Give me to know my sins forgiv'n,
Give witness to my soul ;
Altho' I'm wounded, vile and lost,
'Tis thou can'st make me whole.

This hardness from my heart remove,
Let me, like Mary, choose
The one thing needful here below,
And all but thee refuse.

Oh ! make me subject to thy will,
Thy will be done, not mine ;
And let me bear thy image, Lord,
That image so divine.

Oh ! let my life to others show
That I belong to God ;
And let my walk thro' life be such,
According to thy word.

That word of truth, be it my guide,
O'er life's tempestuous sea,
That I at last with saints above,
May take my seat with thee.

32.—SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE labours of the week are past,
Thy mercies I'll review ;
With health I'm blest, my food is giv'n,
Which every day renew.

To count the mercies of the week,
The task I could not do ;
But this I gratefully cry out,
The Lord has brought me through.

How oft, oh ! Lord, thy laws I've broke,
What mercies have abus'd ;
How oft the solace of thy grace
Have foolishly refus'd.

SATURDAY NIGHT.



Lord, teach me how my weeks to spend,
And ev'ry Saturday night
I'll scrutinize my conduct o'er,
As in thy piercing sight.



Forgive me, Lord, my every ill,
 Forgive me, Lord, this night;
 And let me, 'ere I go to bed,
 Find mercy in thy sight.

If thou prolong my fleeting breath,
 My vows to thee I'll pay
 Within the courts of thine own house,
 On thy most holy day.

Another week of my short life
 Is gone—for ever past;
 If I another week do live,
 I'll live it as my last.

Nearer the grave, another week,
 With me weeks soon must end;
 Eternity is near at hand,
 And where shall I it spend.

Lord, teach me how my weeks to spend,
And ev'ry Saturday night
I'll scrutinize my conduct o'er,
As in thy piercing sight.

33.—THE SUN.

BRIGHT Sol! who lighted up thy blaze?
Who hung thee up to nature's gaze?
Who feeds thy fires, who turns thee round?
And metes thy influence's bound?
Who gave thee first thy fiery birth,
Whose light enlightens distant earth,
Whose heat enlivens, cheers, and warms
All nature, with her numerous swarms?
Who gives thy regulated rise,
Which brilliantly illumines the skies?

THE SUN.



Prais'd be that God who thee ordain'd,
Who thy illumined body fram'd:
Prais'd be that hand who rules the skies,
Tells thee to set and when to rise:



Who points thy march into the West,
 Which lulls all nature into rest?
 'Tis God!—the sov'reign source of light,
 That feeds thy fires, and gives thee might,
 To warm and nourish nature's store,
 And lighten up our distant shore.

Prais'd be that God who thee ordain'd,
 Who thy illumined body fram'd :
 Prais'd be that hand who rules the skies,
 Tells thee to set and when to rise :
 Prais'd be that pow'r, ador'd the name,
 That made thee, Sun—his praise proclaim :
 Proclaim it to the end of time,
 For th' hand that made thee is divine.

IN contemplating that magnificent orb the Sun, our limited capacities are unable to comprehend the extent of its services, and the brilliancy of its beauties. Those who class with millions of their fellow-creatures, being satisfied that the sun

does shine, and enlighten and cheer the earth, prefer the indulgence of bed to viewing one of the most sublime and splendid phænomena of nature, the rising sun,—they whose indolence and love of sleep unfit them for contemplation, are of all beings the most insensible; who contentedly and supinely view it when it has proceeded on its march for hours and gained a high altitude in the heavens, without any emotion of heart or excitement of feeling, sacrifice, at the shrine of indolence, one of the greatest of pleasures derivable from the contemplation of the wonders and beauties of nature: while every being, that has life, hails its appearance above the horizon with expressive delight; and, as soon as its rays tinge the east, the joyous birds fill the air with music, and the whole animal world appears in motion. Shall I be an indifferent spectator? To view the rays of light issuing from a globe of fire, a million times larger than our earth, and at a distance of more than eighty millions of miles, giving warmth, animation, and light, to every being within its extended dominion: whose heat, acting on the waters of the mighty ocean,

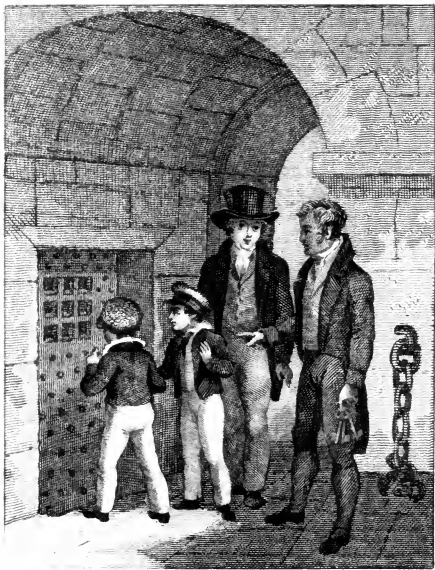
produces evaporation, which afterwards collect and condense, and then fall in refreshing showers of rain—that regulates our days and nights, and our seasons—is no ordinary spectacle to behold. And, oh! how sordid, how contracted, how indolent, is that mind which contemplates without emotion such magnificent brilliancy. Look at the sun in its meridian splendour, and ask thy unfeeling and insensible heart, who caused it to shine—who feeds its undiminished fires—who subjected it to invariable laws, and preserved it through the lapse of ages, in the position prescribed it at the beginning? Who?—it was God—whose wisdom, power, and goodness, is manifest in all his works: it was God—that God against whom I and all mankind have so revolted. Children, contemplate this brilliant object: let your hearts expand—shudder at indolence—and, oh, tremble at sin!

34.—A VISIT TO NEWGATE.

THE Father of two little boys,
Resolved one day to take
A walk through Newgate with the lads,
Just for example's sake :

One of these boys was very good,
The other the reverse ;
A pilfering little petty thief,
Was stubborn and perverse.

The father's fears would oft pourtray
The little rascal's end ;
If he was not reclaim'd, and soon,
And did his conduct mend.



Confin'd within a grated cell,
A little boy they spy'd,
With nothing but a crust to eat,
All other food denied.



Come, Jack, the father said, you'll see
What thieving does my lad;
This prison's built thus strong to keep
The wicked and the bad.

The outer door turns on its hinge,
The massive bars between;
And through the gratings of the cells,
The inmates faintly seen.

'Twas here the voice of sorrow struck
Th' affrighted ear of all;
The clinking chains, the frenzied yell,
The harden'd culprit's bawl.

Confin'd within a grated cell,
A little boy they spy'd,
With nothing but a crust to eat,
All other food denied.

For why this little boy put here?

For thieving you must know;

And there are many more beside,

In lock-ups down below.

The little urchin's meagre face

Was moisten'd with his tears;

The dread of punishment had rous'd

His keen foreboding fears.

His parents he at first would rob,

Then after bolder grew;

Stole trifles first, then grasp'd at all,

Or any thing in view.

Exploring still the vaulted maze,

Some dismal sobs assail'd

Their nerve-drawn ears—'twas grief, alas!

Repentance unavail'd.

The sighs were shuddering exiles' cast
To echo 'long the walls,
Repeating chill'd responses hoarse,
And mock'd the victim's calls.

'Twas some poor men, who, doom'd to die
Upon the coming day,
Were venting frantic tears of grief,
And kneeling down to pray.

This was matur'd full-grown crime,
Its end, and its reward ;
Reproaches in full stature stood,
And death to fainting aw'd.

Come, Children, view the march of crime,
Exploring shun the road ;
"Steal not at all," your Maker says,
Such is the law of God.

35.—THE VALUE OF LEARNING.

THOSE who wish to estimate
Learning's value, must contrast
A savage with a man inform'd,
By the rays that learning cast.

What's the mind that's unenlighten'd,
But a wilderness of weed ;
A mind that's left uncultivated,
Baser passions wildly feed.

Learning gives the mind a feast,
Minds exist not without food ;
Minds will greedy take the evil,
If we do withhold the good.

VALUE OF LEARNING.



All good men of ev'ry nation,
Every tongue and every age.
Strongly recommend that learning
Should the tender mind engage.



Solomon, fam'd Israel's king,
Warmly advocate's the cause
Of early learning, and submits
Some wise-digested laws,

Which, if willing children notice,
Will their tender minds convoy,
He himself was an apt scholar,
When a very little boy.

All good men of ev'ry nation,
Every tongue and every age,
Strongly recommend that learning
Should the tender mind engage.

Children always stamp a value
In proportion as they learn,
And their progress is discover'd
By their friends who pleas'd discern.

A solace learning proves through life,
A pleasing, mental, constant feast;
It elevates the human being
From a level with the beast.

AN ANECDOTE RELATING TO EDUCATION, IN THE
DAYS OF ALFRED AND CHARLEMAGNE

BOTH Alfred and Charlemagne provided masters for their sons, as soon as ever their tender age would allow it, and had them carefully trained up in the equal discipline of arms and hunting; and while these were the principal objects of their active life, Charlemagne was never taught to write, nor Alfred to read till he was thirty-eight, and the former continued unable to write as long as he lived.

Those children who would wish to become acquainted with the two Princes above alluded to, and of the times in which they lived, will do well to consult the History of England in the ninth century.

36.—ON PRAYER.

PRAYER is the language of the heart,
Its breathings which to heav'n dart :
Pray'r has a grateful pleasing sound,
And children, when they're often found
Engag'd, their little wants to tell
And praise, their infant hearts do swell ;
How pleas'd is heav'n, God will such bless,
He's promis'd—and will do no less.

Prayer is the great command of heav'n,
Our wants commence, when breath is giv'n ;
And does not reason ever say,
It is our duty for to pray.

What, will not want provoke the mind,
And undisguis'd expression find?
Reason and duty both unite,
To prove that pray'r should be delight.

What, shall a sinful child draw nigh?
Approach the throne of the Most High,
And pour out it's soul in prayer,
And leave its griefs and burthen there?

Yes, God delights to hear their prayer,
O'er praying babes he casts his care;
He loves to hear the little child,
In language simple, accents mild;
Their prayers he never will reject,
But will the praying child protect,
Attend its steps, defend its head,
And kindly guard the infant's bed.

Prayer implies want, and want reliev'd
 In ev'ry trying time of need,
 Gives subjects of exalting praise,
 Which grateful hearts exulting raise.
 Then let my breath be praise and pray'r,
 That heaven's blessings I may share.

HAVING said something on the subject of prayer in the Address, on moral duties and obligations, and taking it for granted, that none of my readers will dispute the necessity, propriety, and reasonableness of prayer, I shall offer no further observations on the subject in this place, but give some remarks on the first introduction of Christianity into Britain—that Christianity which first taught our rude forefathers the true object to whom prayer ought to be addressed.

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN.

THE original introduction of Christianity into Britain is replete with uncertainty. It is ascribed, with some shadow of probability, to Bran, the father of Caractacus, who received

the gospel at Rome, and brought it to his native island. It is also asserted, that Claudia, the wife of Padeus, who is spoken of by St. Paul, was a British lady; nor are there wanting even some who affirm, that St. Paul himself visited Britain, an opinion which is zealously and ably advocated by the present venerable Bishop of St. David's. But, however this be, "the light of the world shone here, though we know not who kindled it." It seems that the first man who bore testimony to the faith in Britain with his blood, was Alban, who was martyred at Verulamium. Being afterwards canonized, an abbey was erected to his memory on the spot where he had fallen, whence the town so called received the present appellation of *St. Alban's*. During the latter ages of the Roman domination, it is probable that Christianity had made considerable advances in Britain, though its progress would be impeded as well by the survival of the ancient British heathenism, which was still preserved and propagated by the remnant of the Druids, as by the lingering influence of Roman idolatry, which would remain, even after those who introduced it had withdrawn

from the island. In this situation of affairs, the Saxons, being invited by the Britons to repel the Caledonian invaders, and afterwards settling in the country as conquerors, introduced a third system of idolatry, which bore no affinity to that either of the Britons or the Romans. The principal ceremonies of their religious worship, with the nature and attributes of the deities whom they adored, are fully described in the German of Tacitus the Roman historian; and notwithstanding it was both cumbrous and uncouth, it totally effaced all vestiges, both of the Roman and Druidical superstitions, as well as of the yet unsettled doctrines of the Christians; but to this end, the barbarous policy pursued by the Saxons contributed, for the cultivated part of the population, unable to endure the tyranny of their new masters, either fled the country, or were swept away by oppression. Thus Christianity, as a public establishment, disappeared from the kingdoms of the Heptarchy for about a hundred and fifty years; but it continued to flourish among those Britons who preserved their independence amidst the mountains of Wales.

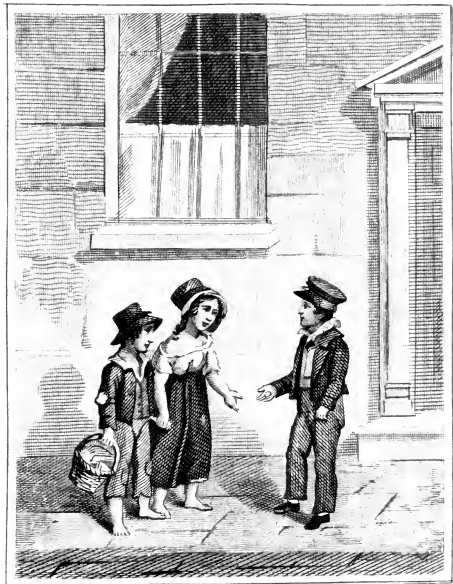
37.—THE ORPHANS.

PETER, walking with his mother,
Spy'd an orphan, with her brother,
Going about to sell their matches,
With shoeless feet and clad in patches.

Their looks bespoke that they were poor,
Their modest calls, from door to door,
Laid claim to pity—told their grief,
And crav'd in eloquence—relief.

Peter, whose tender heart was fired,
Ran t'wards the orphans, and enquir'd,
If they were hungry—wanted meat?
And if they had not, ought to eat.

THE ORPHANS.



Have you no Father, Mother, Friend?
This Sixpence I have got to spend;
But if 'twill do you any good,
Take it, and buy yourselves some food.



Have you no father, mother, friend?
 I've got this sixpence for to spend;
 If it will do you any good,
 Take it, and buy yourselves some food.

But tell me, first of all, I pray,
 Do you sell matches every day?
 And don't the stones wound your poor feet,
 While walking through the paved street?

The sister orphan, sick and wan,
 Sigh'd gratitude—and thus began
 Her undisguised tale of woe,
 And why they wander'd to and fro?

“Kind-hearted sir, our parents' dead,
 “With them our 'lone support has fled’;
 “We are from Scotland: here we have
 “No friend to succour or to save.

“ These matches that we have, we try
“ To sell—but seldom people buy ;
“ They’ll drive us from their very door,
“ Because we’re ragged and so poor.

“ Sometimes a feeling heart we meet,
“ While wandering on from street to street ;
“ But seldom do we ever find
“ A soul like your’s, so generous, kind.”

She courtesied, sigh’d, as thus she spoke,
Her bitter sobs did utterance choke,
Which noble Peter kindly eyed,
And try’d to sooth, at length she cried,

“ Bear with my weakness, tender friend,
“ And if you can five minutes spend,
“ I will unfold to you our woe,
“ Our cause of wandering to and fro.

“ My father had a roving mind,
“ Took us abroad, in hopes to find
“ A place where we could live in pleasure,
“ And amass a world of treasure.

“ But, ah, alas! hard cruel fate
“ Decreed to us this uncouth state;
“ My father’s hopes were blighted sore,
“ Which left us destitute and poor.

“ Resolv’d again to venture home,
“ Resolv’d no more again to roam;
“ To work our passage home he try’d,
“ We sail’d, but, oh! my parents died.

“ The ocean is my parents’ grave,
“ And we, alas! no parents have;
“ We wander now about with matches,
“ Poor orphans—clad in rags and patches.

" Sometimes unto the rich we go,
" And venture to the door below;
" But full-fed servants often say,
" We want no matches—go away.

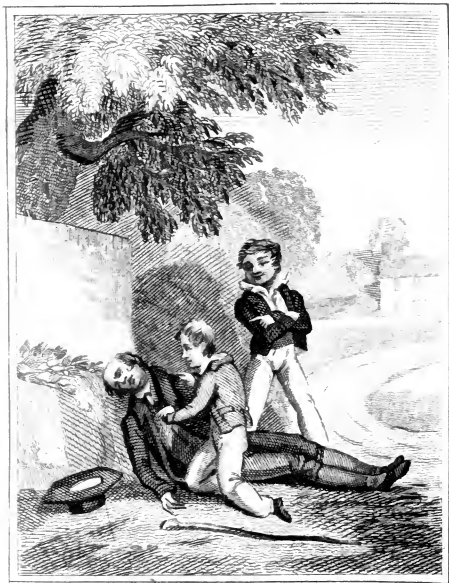
" Oh, cruel fate!"—she heav'd a sob,
And Peter's heart with union throb;
Strove hard to sooth their bitter fears,
The three gave vent, and mingled tears.

They sigh'd, shook hands, and bid adieu,
And Peter watch'd them while in view;
At home he told his tale as willing,
His father gave to him a shilling.

Children, who know no want of food,
Whose parents are both kind and good;
Think on the orphans' selling matches,
Be thankful you're not clad in patches.



HUMANITY & CRUELTY.



Exulting cruelty—the bane
Feeds on another's suffering pain.
But mark the humane soul so plac'd.
Humanity its sorrows taste.

Yes! prize your homes and milder state,
 Think on the orphans' coarser fate;
 Be grateful—and give God the praise,
 He deals with you in milder ways.

38. — HUMANITY, GENEROSITY, AND CRUELTY.

THE different passions of the mind
 When call'd in action, then we find
 Their virtuous bearing, or their vice,
 The offspring's of lost paradise.

Pourtray an object in distress,
 No matter what—a man, or less,
 A dog, a beast, or butterfly,
 And let a cruel mind stand by;

See what indulgence, what a feast,
Insult of feeling is the least ;
Exulting cruelty—the bane
Feeds on another's suffering pain.

But mark the humane soul so plac'd,
Humanity its sorrows taste,
Weeps o'er its pains, and moans its woe,
No other feeling could it know :
Its tenderest sympathies express,
And strips to clothe its deep distress.
Oh ! noble feeling of the mind,
Most generous spirit ever find
A mansion in my humble heart,
That you and I may never part.

Where is the soul that can rejoice
To hear the piteous woe-worn voice,
Exclaim in anguish'd moans of grief,
In desperation seek relief?

Where is the soul who not content
With apathy—but's willing lent
To outrage feeling—grief insult,
And join in cruel base tumult?

Oh! fiendish principle depart,
Thou stranger to the human heart;
I'll cultivate the generous soul,
Humanity shall rule my whole;
Whose virtue's are from heav'n above,
Where nothing emanates but love;
While cruelty thy sway I spurn,
Nor will I with thy fires burn;
No! I will imitate my Lord,
Who went about dispensing good.

DURING the retreat of the famous King Alfred at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, the following circum-

stance happened, which, while it convinces us of the extremities to which that great man was reduced, will give us a striking proof of his pious and benevolent disposition:—

A beggar came to his little castle there, and requested alms: when his queen informed him that they had only one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food, though with little hopes of success. The king replied, "Give the poor Christian one-half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for more than our necessities." Accordingly, the poor man was relieved, and this noble act of charity was soon recompensed by a providential supply of fresh provisions, with which his people returned.

CRUELTY.—UNNATURAL BROTHER.

UPON the death of Selimus the Second, which happened in the year 1582, Amurah the Third succeeded in the Turkish empire; at his entrance



GOING TO CHURCH.



How glad was I to hear the bell,
The sound of which I knew so well;
Its solemn summons I do love,
I go to worship God above.

upon which he caused his five brothers, Mustapha, Solyman, Abdalla, Osman, and Sinagar, without pity or commiseration, to be strangled in his presence, and gave orders that they should be buried with his dead father; an ordinary thing with Mahometan princes, who, to secure to themselves the empire without rivalship, stick not to pollute their hands with the blood of their nearest relations. It is said of this Amurah, when he saw the fatal bow-string put about the neck of his younger brother, that he was seen to weep, but it seems they were crocodile tears, for he held firmly to his bloody purpose!

39.—GOING TO CHURCH.

How glad was I to hear the bell,
 The sound of which I knew so well;
 Its solemn summons I do love,
 I go to worship God above.

I go to Church, that sacred place,
Where Christ reveals his lovely face ;
I go, for God commands me so,
I go and truly love to go.

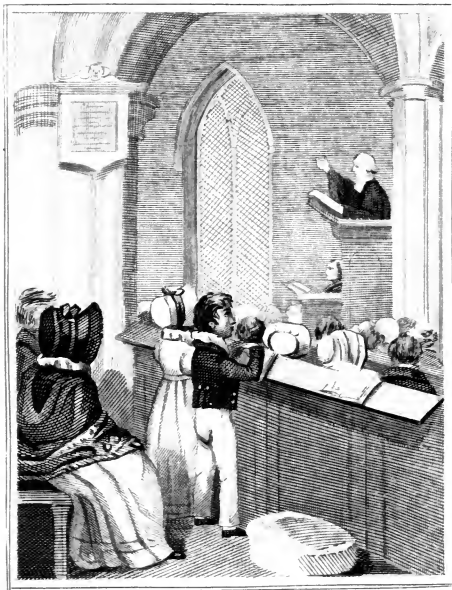
Prepar'd in time, and cleanly drest,
I hail the Sabbath of my rest ;
Oh, 'tis a truly pleasing sight,
When duty's mixed with delight.

Happy that child whose heart in youth
Delights to hear the word of truth ;
Whose heart with fervent pleasure glows,
As nearer to the church it goes.

That child portrays an opening bud,
That promises its fruit as good ;
Who with its ripening age matures,
Which fruit eternally endures.



DUTY AT CHURCH.



I am now in Church, and should pray,
A mark'd attention also pay
To what the minister will preach,
As God, through him deigns me to teach.

Go, child, and you should ever know,
'Tis God's own house—his courts below,
And they who here most prove their love,
Shall join the holy church above.

40.—DUTY AT CHURCH.

I'm now in Church, and I should pray,
A mark'd attention also pay
To what the minister will preach,
As God, through him deigns me to teach.

I come not here to gape and stare,
And evidence, by want of care,
That I am thoughtless, giddy, wild,
And am a very wicked child.

Oh, no, I should with reverence kneel,
 And pray that my young heart may feel
 The softening drawings of my God,
 The deep impressions of his word.

The banner of his love is spread
 O'er those who do with reverence tread
 His sanctuary's sacred dust,
 And humbly wait on him and trust.

I'll tread his courts with sacred dread,
 And at his mercy's seat I'll spread
 My every want—my sins confess,
 That he may own me his, and bless.

What! shall a child irreverent prove,
 And mock God's condescending love;
 Ah, no! I'll hear, and pray, and sing,
 And praise my Saviour, God, and King.



THE BLIND FIDDLER.



Poor man! the tender brothers cried,
What is your age, my friend?
Our parents have some money given
For us, in toys to spend.

41.—THE BLIND FIDDLER.

OFT I meet this poor blind fiddler,
With his curly dog and chain,
Playing tunes upon his fiddle,
But, alas ! he plays in vain.

See, his dog an old hat carries
In his mouth—and how he begs ;
See how pitiful he looketh,
Rearing on his hinder legs.

How the crowds pass, without notice—
Pass, and turn their heads away ;
Still the dog, with patience craves them,
While his master strives to play.

What's that label on his bosom,
Suspended from his palsied neck,
I will read what's on it written,—
Yes! it says his name's James Peck.

More than twenty years ago, friends,
Since I lost my precious sight :—
Yes; and never since, have seen
The cheering rays of morning light.

A merchant-sailor I was then,
T'was lightning took my eyes;
That awful flash was the last light
I've seen from heav'en's skies.

Since then, a faithful dog has been
My guide from street to street;
My fiddle's old, and seldom we
A friendly stranger meet.

Poor man! the tender brothers cried,
What is your age, my friend?
Our parents have some money given
To us, in toys to spend.

We give it you—but tell your age;
I'm old, and near fourscore:
I'm stepping fast into the grave,
I'm weak, and very poor.

I thank you, from my very heart,
For what you've kindly given;
And hear a poor blind sailor's pray'r
He offers up to heav'n.

May you, young sirs, through life enjoy
Your ever-precious sight;
Prize it you do, and well you may,
To see the sun and light.

I'm blind, and palsied, and infirm,
And likewise very weak ;
Look on my silver'd locks with age,
And wrinkled furrow'd cheek.

I must not murmur, God forbid !
I will not once complain,
Death soon will touch my tottering clay,
And ease me from all pain.

The tunes that I attempt to play
Are sacred ones you hear ;
I own the discord sounds I make
Will none allure I fear.

But soon, I hope, to tune a harp,
And join a heav'nly choir ;
James Peck will then, with saints, exert
To swell heav'n's chorus higher.

Farewell, young friends!—farewell, old James!

This way we often come,
We're now well pleas'd we've bought no toys,
So will our friends at home.

You, children, should do, as these did,
Relieve the poor and blind,
Instead of wasting pence in toys,
A sure reward you'll find.

A humane feeling child is lov'd,
And God will also love,
And mark such children as his own,
And bless them from above.

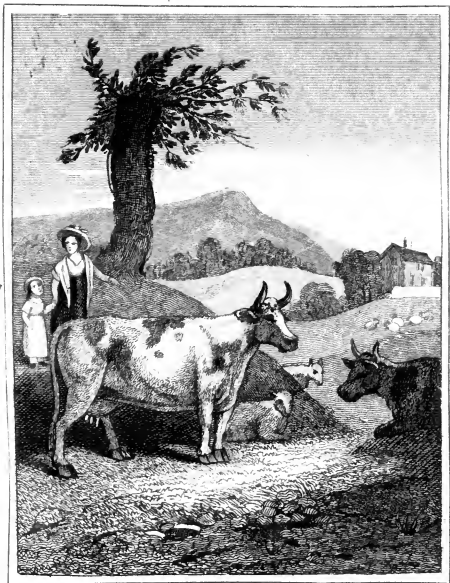
42.—THE COW.

THE goodness of the Lord is seen
In all his works and ways,
And every good that we receive
Demands our grateful praise.

The herbs, the fruit, and every beast,
For comfort and for food,
By God intended for man's use,
Created for his good.

The Cow stands foremost for her use,
Her milk how good and sweet ;
Her hide makes leather for our shoes,
Her flesh is good to eat.

THE COW.



The Children who the Scriptures read,
Will very often find
The Cow and oxen held to view,
As lessons to mankind .



She's very gentle, humble, mild,
Content, and very meek,
Expresses gratitude for food,
And will her herbage seek.

It's surely cruel to ill-treat
This very useful beast,
That yields such comfort, and such food,
That crowns the British feast.

The children who the Scriptures read,
Will very often find
The Cow and oxen held to view,
As lessons to mankind.

Such children will do well to try
To imitate—excel—
Those milder virtues of the Cow,
And let them ever dwell

Upon their minds, within their hearts,
 That in their lives they show
 The virtues which they cultivate,
 They cultivate to grow.

But, oh, how grateful should we be
 To God, who thus bestows
 All his good creatures for our food,
 And every fruit that grows.



43.—THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father who in heaven art,
 Thy name be hallowed : let my heart
 Say fervently thy kingdom come,
 And let thy will on earth be done,
 As it is done in heaven above,
 In all the fervency of love :
 Give us this day our daily bread,
 Kindly supply our every need ;

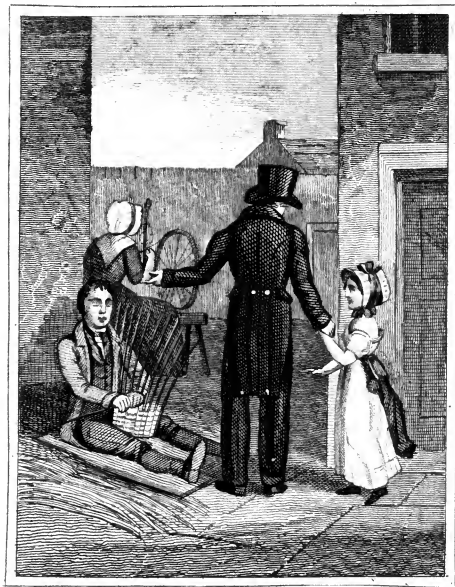
Our trespasses forgive we pray,
 As we forgive—and further say,
 From all temptations lead us Lord,
 Grant us deliverance by thy word,
 From every evil that surround;
 And we with reverence profound,
 Will say the kingdom, Lord, be thine,
 The glory, and the power divine,
 For ever and for ever—cry
 Amen—Oh, holy God, most high.

Children, it was your Saviour gave
 (When he came down for us to save)
 This comprehensive prayer to God,
 As written in his holy word;
 Your Saviour Jesus, so benign,
 When cloth'd in flesh, spotless, divine:
 Let pray'r and praise then swell each theme,
 To him who did your souls redeem.

44.—A VISIT TO THE BLIND ASYLUM.

OH! what a blessing is the sight,
The sense of vision and of light,
To view the rising sun at morn,
And see the gilded sky at dawn.
Survey the beauties nature grants,
The varied colours that she paints ;
To tread with safety on the way,
Enjoy illumined summer's day.
Discern approaching dangers nigh,
Or contemplate a starry sky ;
Enjoy the pleasures of a book,
And on its pleasing pages look.
Such pleasures do our sight afford,
And God once said, " the light was good."

THE BLIND ASYLUM.



Come, child, I'll take you by the hand,
And lead you through the gloomy band:
See, there, a man a basket making.
A woman, too, her wheel is taking:



Yes, gratitude gave birth to thought,
 As swiftly she her lessons taught,
 When visiting the School for Blind, [mind.
 'Twas there these thoughts rush'd on my

Lord, what a picture this I see,
 For why, indulgent Lord, why me?
 Blest with the sense of vision clear,
 The paths of life to smooth and cheer.

What is it that my eyes behold?
 The healthy, young, and wrinkled old,
 Shut up, poor souls, in gloomy night,
 Walking without one ray of light.

Come, child, I'll take you by the hand,
 And lead you through the gloomy band;
 See, there, a man a basket making,
 A woman, too, her wheel is taking:

Some making whips, some in their looms,
 All hands are busy in their rooms ;
 Some highly-gifted we shall find,
 But, ah, alas ! they are quite blind.

Children, mix pity with surprise,
 Be grateful that you have good eyes ;
 Your mercies great—give God the praise,
 He deals with you in milder ways.



45.—THE CREATION.

WHENE’R I turn my eyes around,
 Up to the sky or on the ground,
 My mind reverts, and backward flies,
 Unto a period when the skies
 Existed not, nor this fair earth
 Was form’d, or had come into birth.

When sun and moon was quite unknown,
 Or were into existence grown,
 Ere man was form'd, or aught I see,
 Of the wide swelling bounded sea.

Then how, or when, did all things rise
 Into existence?—and the skies
 Receive their spangles and their orbs,
 To view my prying mind absorbs?

The great Creator is our God,
 His power, his all-creative word,
 He spoke, and into being rise
 This Earth, with all the spangled skies.
 And by his same productive might,
 Commanding, cried, “Let there be light.”
 Obeying infant nature dawn,
 And, lo! the evening and the morn;
 The mingled elements retreat,
 The waters move, and waters meet;

He mark'd their space, and set their bound,
Rising to view the earth is found.
He spoke, and plants to being spring,
Beasts of the field, and birds to sing;
And Man, from dust, made by his word,
And was set o'er them as their Lord.

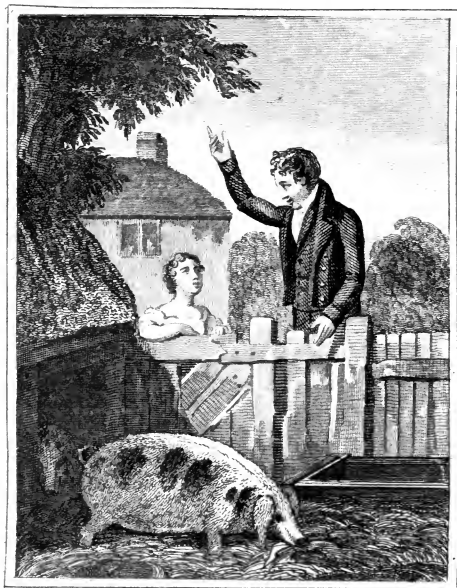
This is the God that Christians love,
The God who reigns in heaven above;
This is the God who sin forbid,
Can sin from such a God be hid?
Oh, no! his knowledge is divine,
He knows each secret thought of thine.
Make him your friend, then, not your foe,
And soon his saving grace you'll know.

WHEN we view the earth teeming with plenty, crowded with an infinite variety of beings that possess life and enjoy existence;—when we view the sun traversing the heavens in majestic meridian splendour, or the moon and countless hosts of stars that spangle the lofty dome of heaven, we are amazed; but when we think of the period when they existed not, what are the thoughts and the feelings of the sensible mind on reverting back to that period? The mind naturally enquires by what power were they formed?—what might brought them into existence? It was God! who by the word of his power spoke all things into existence: before that period, the whole was one huge and shapeless mass; where chaos held her empire. We are indebted to the word of inspiration for the sublime history of the Creation, which we have in the two first chapters of the Book of Genesis; there God himself condescends to give man a relation of the event, and by what power he formed all things. He spake, and the earth was formed: he spake, and light sprang forth: he spake, and the waters and earth separated: he spake, and the sun's fires were

kindled, and the stars commenced their twinkling, and fled to their stations: he spake, and the waters brought forth her tribes of finny inhabitants;—and the air was peopled with its winged multitudes: the cattle, also, and the insects, received their commission to appear:—he spake, and, lo! man, then sinless Adam, appeared as lord of the Creation. Oh! thou great Almighty God, great and powerful as thou art, thou still deigns to look upon a child—thou condescends to hear its prayer. What encouragement to you, oh, ye youth! to approach the footstool of his mercy-seat, and there breathe the atmosphere of heaven; but, oh! that child who never thinks upon this great God—who never contemplates his power—who remembers not his and the world's Creator in the days of his youth! the evil days will come, when he will be constrained to say that he has no pleasure in them.



THE FIG.



Let swine enjoy their filthy sports,
Yes, let them sleep and eat;
But Children always should be clean,
And keep their clothing neat.

46. — T H E P I G.

THE Pig—oh! what a filthy creature,
It wallows in the mire;
To roll in dirt appears to be
It's only fond desire.

But 'tis its nature, and it proves
An interesting truth—
A truth expressive, and it ought
To occupy our youth.

The multiplied variety
We in creation find,
God's ways are all mysterious,
Still all his ways are kind.

His ways are past our finding out,
But still we may adore
The hand that did so kindly make
This great abundant store.

What child is there who can't admire
God's wisdom and his love,
And, while he contemplates his works,
Can't lift his heart above.

Great source of thankfulness and praise,
That we have reason giv'n,
To guide us thro' the paths of life,
And choose the way to heav'n.

Let swine enjoy their filthy sports,
Yes, let them sleep and eat ;
But children always should be clean,
And keep their clothing neat.



THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.



Supported by the yielding pillow,
The tender Mother sat in bed,
With her children weeping round her,
With listening ears at what she said.

47.—THE DEATH OF A MOTHER

SUPPORTED by the yielding pillow,
The tender Mother sat in bed,
With her children weeping round her,
With list'ning ears at what she said.

She faintly utter'd—"My children,
"Soon I must leave you, little dears;
"Now I feel death's hand upon me,
"But don't distress me with your tears.

"The mandate's issued, I must leave you,
"You feel the summons cruel, dears;
"Death with hasty strides approaches,
"Life's curtain draws—a new world appears.

“ Soon your mother will be lifeless,
“ For you I’d wish but to be spar’d ;
“ Ah, why this wish, I ne’er shall have it,
“ Never see my children rear’d.

“ Submit then nobly, what’s appointed,
“ ’Tis the unerring will of Heaven ;
“ ’Tis God who summons up your Mother,
“ ’Tis He who has the mandate given.

“ May God protect you, infant darlings,
“ Take my blessing from my heart ;
“ Oh ! I feel death’s arrows piercing,
“ I fall the victim of his dart.”

Thus sunk the tender dying mother,
While her children wept around,
And survey’d her pallid visage,
While life’s yielding cords unbound.

Life had fled—her frame was cooling,
Oh! the sobs, the infants' sigh;
Weeping statues—breaking silence,
Weeping, asks the question, why?

Why, oh, death! select our Mother,
When we needed most her care;
Could not thy cruel hand have spar'd her—
Could'st thou not our Mother spare?

Oh! this day—a day of sorrow,
Clad in sable mourning's dress;
Now the cruel monarch's emblems
Feeds on infantine distress.

Tears moisten the mould that covers
Her dear remains from our eye,
While her happy spirit hovers
Round her children, ever nigh.

Who could bear to see them weeping,
 And not mingle one soft tear?
 Could you witness infants' crying
 O'er a loving mother's bier?

Where's the child who thus refuses?
 Or, while weeping—grateful prove,
 That their Mother lives to succour,
 And are worthy Parents' love.



48.—A VISIT TO THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

COME child with me, a father said,
 I often have a visit paid
 To yon receptacle of woe,
 For Lunatics.—Come, child, and know,

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.



What means that horrid dreadful yell.
Those screeches from yon grated cell;
The frightful clinking of the chain.
And wild effusions of the brain?

And prize the blessing you possess,
 And prove the feeling you profess.
 Come, shed a tear o'er those devoid
 Of what you have through life enjoy'd :
 See, in this mansion of distress,
 The throngs of those who don't possess
 Their reason ; but with constant moan
 Cast ashes on her vacant throne ;
 Her sceptre cankering in the dust,
 Fair reason weeping o'er the rust ;
 Her seat deserted, fallen, decay,
 And midnight horrors shade fair day.
 Reason, thy grateful cheering light
 Entomb'd 'neath ashes, clad in night,
 Lays prostrate—where thy being's ceas'd,
 Thy sons are levell'd with the beast.

What means that horrid dreadful yell,
 Those screeches from yon grated cell ;
 The frightful clinking of the chain,
 And wild effusions of the brain ?

How madly now he tears his hair,
 What wildness mixes with his stare ;
 With rage he rends his tatter'd clothes,
 More vicious and still stronger grows.
 What awful wreathings vent in rage,
 With eye-balls starting, dread presage ;
 My God ! can creature man thus sink,
 Plung'd headlong down th' appalling brink.

Point out the man who grateful shows
 That he the worth of reason knows ;
 That he his reason holds from God,
 And stays by gratitude the rod
 That might afflict—that might chastise—
 The man who does the gift despise.

Were reason's channels choak'd and
 You of her benefits denied ; [dried,
 Read here what you would surely be,
 Your picture in these inmates see.



HEAVEN.



Heaven, the saints' eternal rest,
The haven of repose;—and blest
Are they who gain the happy shore
Thrice blest, and happy evermore.

Who could withhold a grateful heart,
 For the possession of that part
 Which lifts the mortal from the beast?
 Yes, gratitude it claims at least.

But, oh! possessor ever know,
 If gratitude you'd truly show,
 Let every reasoning power be given
 Up to the service of kind Heav'n.

49.—H E A V E N.

HEAVEN, the saints' eternal rest,
 The haven of repose ;—and blest
 Are they who gain the happy shore,
 Thrice blest, and happy evermore.

Heaven is the place where angels dwell,
From whence the fallen spirits fell;
And they who would secure a place,
Must seek God's sanctifying grace.

Heaven is the place where God's supreme—
Where praise is one continued theme;
'Tis there where Jesus lives to plead
For those for whom he died indeed.

The joys of heaven, great Gabriel's tongue,
Were he to sing his noblest song,
Would fail to picture, or express
Its glorious heights of happiness.

Inspired penmen fall far short,
Nor can the most expanded thought
Imagine or pourtray the bliss
Of heaven—where God and Jesus is.

Then shall I barter heavenly joys
For earthly pleasure's sordid toys ?
Shall I in folly live, and miss
A place in that great heav'n of bliss ?

No, no ! my soul in answer cries,
Let me partake those heav'nly joys ;
May I, with Abr'am, take my seat,
And cast myself at Jesu's feet.

Teach, then, oh, Lord ! my infant mind,
That I the path to heav'n may find ;
Direct my feet, incline my heart,
To seek and find the better part.

That I, at last, may join and sing,
All glory to the heavenly King ;
May gain the shore of heavenly rest,
And take my seat with all the blest.

NOTHING is more common than to hear people wish to go to Heaven; when they are, at the same time, pursuing the way to destruction, and apparently with the greatest speed. There is something sublime in the very mention of Heaven—a something that inspires a wish: it would be well if it also inspired exertion. From the very constitution of our nature and present existence, our knowledge of Heaven is very confined; our ideas very shaded and misty; and what we do know respecting this state and place of uninterrupted happiness, we are indebted to God himself through the medium of his Holy Word. He himself, who is the fountain of truth, has graciously condescended to give us information on this pleasing and important subject: he has told us all that is necessary for us to know in our present state of being and contracted conception: we are told, that those who go there will dwell in the presence of God for ever;—that they will enjoy pleasure without mixture of annoyance—“*pleasures that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive:*” and all those

who will look into the pages of Sacred Writ, will find scattered through the whole, descriptions of heaven suited to the capacity and conceptions of man, enough to make one long to be there; and there is one thing connected with scriptural descriptions of heaven, of the greatest possible consequence to us, and that is, the description of the characters that can enter there—that is, the qualifications necessary for them to possess.

In contemplating the one, it is of the most vital importance to connect the other, as every mortal being in existence has either a heaven to gain, or a heaven to loose;—the language of scripture is so pointed upon this, as to render mistake impossible. How necessary then it is for us to challenge our own character—to examine our own hearts—to sit in judgment over our own actions—and, if we find ourselves in the Scripture way to heaven, we have nothing to do but prosecute our journey, and cheer and refresh ourselves on the way in the contemplation of the end; and we have Scripture licence to picture to ourselves all possible pleasure, enjoyment, and glory, and that the reality itself will

as far exceed our most expanded conceptions, as the distance of the most remote planet exceeds that of the nearest object. Heaven must be a happy place, for God is there, and he is the fountain of happiness; it must be happy, for love reigns there; and God is love, heaven is love, and love is heaven.

50.—THE LIAR.

WHAT language could the Liar pourtray?
 Or who could picture or convey
 A corresponding idea, just
 Of such polluted moving dust?

His origin was not of earth,
 'Twas h—ll that gave the monster birth;
 His breath is pestilence and flame,
 A foul contagion without name.

Who claims the Liar as his child,
 That serpent who at first beguil'd
 Our mother Eve, 'midst Eden's sweets,
 Where falsehood, innocence first meets?

Turn to the blacken'd art of guile,
 Survey the picture for awhile,
 Read its origin and its fate,
 Its present and its future state.

What heart, but shudders at the sight,
 While liars tremble at the light;
 The devil is the Liar's sire,
 He nurses them for liquid fire.

Stop Liar, stop, one moment stay,
 Reflect! the eyes of God alway
 Surveys the hidden inward thought,
 Ere it to words or being's brought.

“Thou seest me, God!”—place this in sight,
 Think, speak, and act, as in the light;
 As Liars must for ever dwell
 With devils and lost souls in h—ll.



51.—DUTY TO MYSELF.

OWE I a duty to myself?

The thoughtless child enquir'd;
 What is the duty that I owe,
 What duty is requir'd?

Learn, child, to know thyself betimes,
 Self-duty then will rise
 Up into view—important fact,
 At peril—you despise.

DUTY TO MYSELF.



Accountable to God, you are
For every act and thought;
And ever kept in mind they'll be
With you, to judgment brought.



Accountable to God you are
For every act and thought,
And ever kept in mind they'll be
With you, to judgment brought.

The duty that you owe yourself
Connected with your peace ;
The more you do consult self-good,
That duty will increase.

You're born for nobler spheres than earth,
Soul's element is heav'n ;
Stamp value on the precious gift,
And why that soul was giv'n.

Self-duty is, let every act
A pointed reference bear
Unto your great immortal part,
And heav'n's joys you'll share.

If you neglect this precious gem,
Self-duty you neglect ;
Pause then, and ask your breast—do you
Its usefulness reflect ?

52.—REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

KING Solomon, the wise and good,
Inspir'd counsel penn'd ;
His precepts will inform the mind,
And youth's bad habits mend.

His wise instructions well demand
Attention from each child ;
They're given in familiar style,
All his rebukes are mild.

“Remember thy Creator,”—yes—

“And in thy youthful days,

“For into judgment God will bring

“Your works, your words, and ways.”

“Remember thy Creator,” child,

’Tis he who gives you breath;

And it, the sole partition is

Betwixt your soul and death.

Remember, ’tis his gracious hand

That gives you all your food;

’Tis he whose generous care bestows

On you, all moral good.

Remember that the same good hand

Could stop your whole supply;

Remember to obey his laws,

Nor dare his threats defy.

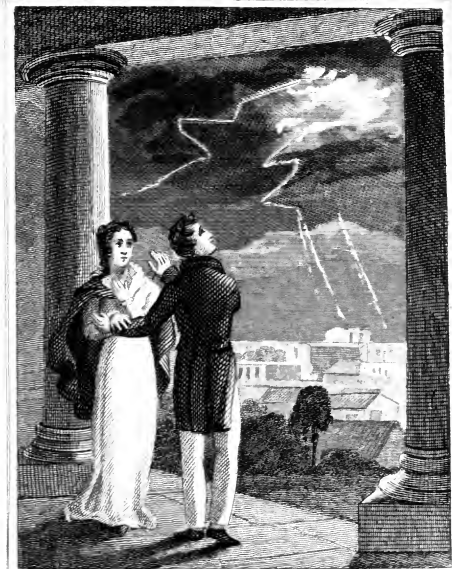
What, shall the creature disobey
The great Creator's will?
Shall he who's made, forget the hand
That made and keeps him still?

Presumptuous child! who dare pursue
A path with danger fraught;
Know this, for God declares he will
To judgment have you brought.

Yes, tho' in giddy youth you choose
To trifle and to play,
Assume the gaities of time,
And squander day by day.

In judgment you account must give,
Your time is not your own;
'Tis lent you—to prepare for death,
To meet God on his throne.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.



The darken'd cloud o'ercharg'd with fire,
Enkindles at thy word;
And thunders roll thro' heaven's arch,
Proclaim that thou art God.

53.—THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

How varied are thy works, O Lord !

They all thy pow'r display ;

Thy power in thunder's hoarser voice,

And lightnings thee pourtray.

The darken'd cloud o'ercharg'd with fire,

Enkindles at thy word ;

And thunders roll thro' heaven's arch,

Proclaim that thou art God.

What mind so dull, but must extend

Its views unto that day,

When thunders shall proclaim the Lord,

And lightnings clear his way.

The lightnings of his vengeance glare,
Emitting from his throne ;
His thunders tear the universe,
And pour his vials down.

When cloth'd in fire, God descends,
The thunders he commands ;
And terrors shake heav'ns highest arch,
And all before him stands.

'Tis then the guilty soul will quake,
'Tis then the lightnings' blaze
Will smite the inmost soul with fear,
And fearing, sinking, gaze.

Let then his gentler thunders wake
Our fears to seek his face,
To gain his favour, and he'll make
Us objects of his grace.

THUNDER and Lightning generally create alarm in the minds of children, and indeed this is not to be wondered at, when God speaks in thunder: well may the mortal tremble, and especially on the recollection that many people and beasts have fallen the victims of the vivid flash of lightning. Nature reposes in the hand of God, and shall not man? What, though the lightnings flash, kindle, and light up in a blaze the whole of the horizon, and the thunder's loud peal shake the majestic arch of heaven, it is God who doeth it, and it is right: he is omnipotent, and can screen thy head, oh, child. It is as foolish to fear, as it is wicked to be presumptuous; and it was remarked by a learned and pious observer of the works of nature, that he who has time to be afraid and alarmed at the effects of the lightning, is already out of danger; for as that is the only thing to be feared, the moment we have seen it, and remain unhurt, we are safe: as the roar of thunder, although it should burst with a sound that seems to rend asunder the concave of heaven, is as harmless as the echo that dies on the breeze. The best preservation

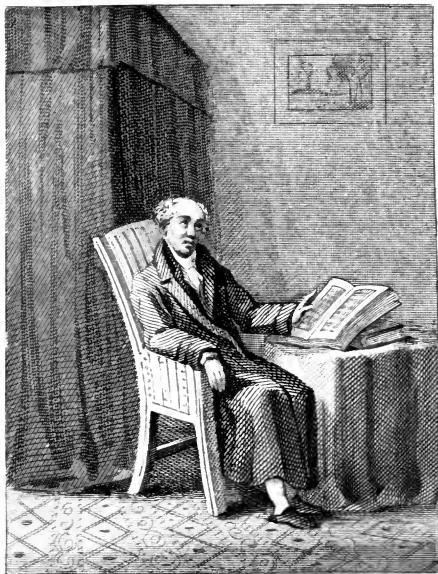
against fear, the surest bulwark against terror, is a good conscience: study to acquire this, then, amidst all conflicting elements, and the convulsive phænomena of nature, the mind may enjoy serenity and peace; being assured that God, whose chariot is fire, and whose voice is thunder, is your friend and safeguard—your protector and your father. Contemplate then without trembling, but with reverential awe, the grandeur and sublimity of the scene; and let your soul rest in his hand, and you will be safe.

54.—ON OLD AGE.

OH! what a miserable sight,
 To see the wicked old man lie
 In poverty and in disgrace,
 When he so soon must surely die.



OLD AGE.



Religion is the sole relief
Of all good people when they are old:
No other staff can yield support,
When earthly prospects are grown cold.

Religion is the sole relief

Of all good people when they are old ;
No other staff can yield support,
When earthly prospects are grown cold.

How happy is that mortal's lot,
When sinks his setting sun to rest ;
Drops 'neath the horizon of life,
To wake to live among the blest.

Thrice happy is that soul indeed,
Whose age, brow-beat, and silver'd hair,
Presents a dauntless face at death,
And feels no terror's slavish care.

Just on the brink of Jordan's flood,
He views his Father's house—his home ;
He sees the beckons from above,
And hears the joyful summons come.

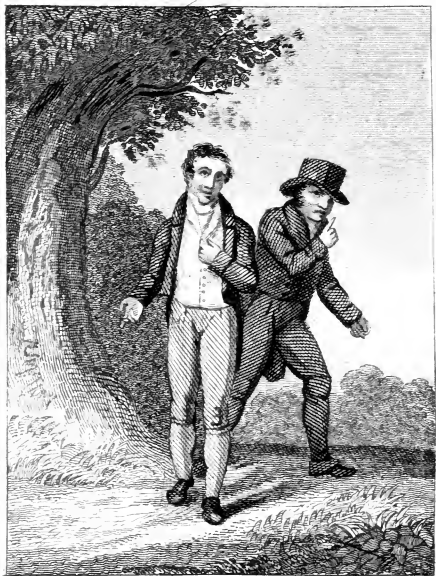
'Tis wise, in youth, to learn the way
That leads to happiness and heav'n;
To seek the favour of his God,
And know his sins will be forgiv'n.

When age o'ertakes, and earthly joys
No solid solace can afford,
Reflection on a life well spent,
A life devoted all to God,

Will yield a satisfying joy;
Will add a sweet to winter's age,
Will arm the soul, disarm the foe,
When 'ere that foe they must engage.



OPEN HEARTEDNESS.



It raises thee to rank with Angels,
Terrestrial heaven constitutes;
While craft deforms the heavenly image,
Casts its level with the brutes.

55.—ON OPEN-HEARTEDNESS.

THOU honest, unsuspecting bosom,
Open-hearted, ever kind ;
Seen playing on the beaming features,
Pleasing index of the mind.

Sweet serenity diffusing,
Like the cloudless summer's day,
When no vapour hides the azure,
But appears the blue arch gay.

It raises thee to rank with angels,
Terrestrial heaven constitutes ;
While craft deforms the heavenly image,
Casts its level with the brutes.

A free, ingenuous mind has courage
With the lion, and is kind;
Pleasant outside, inside tallies,
Transparent man of noble mind.

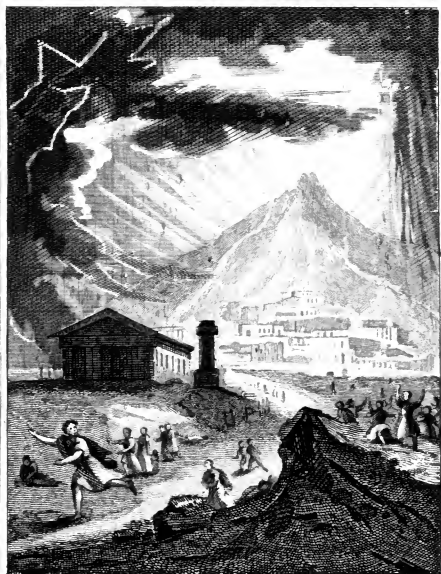
Knows no disguise, and scorns all plotting,
Crafty schemes alike disdains;
Ever feeding in mild pastures,
Stranger to confederates' chains.

But thou designing darken'd bosom,
Atmosphere of clouds and mist;
Comfortless the climate's vapours,
Meteor wander where thou list.

Fox-like cunning thou possesses,
While the nobler passions dwell;
Not within thy haunted mansion,
But the demons of dark hell.



THE VOLCANO.



Picture man, his hurried stride.
Looks o'er his shoulder at the tide,
The fatal stream of fires:

Oh ! how lovely, and how happy,
 Is that open heart that glows,
 With angelic feelings nurtur'd,
 There the foster'd passion grows.

56.—THE VOLCANO.

God's providence to us is kind
 In this our Isle, no hills we find
 That vomit liquid fire :
 No entomb'd cities crusted o'er
 With cooled lava—ashes—ore,
 Or stones or boiling mire.

No ! but we read of Ætna's mount,
 Its blazing fires—its boiling fount,
 And of Pompeii's fate :
 Its temples, palaces, and streets,
 No more admiring strangers greets
 Within its city gate.

Amazing! what, a mountain pour
 The blazing, boiling torrents o'er
 Into the vale below :

Sweeps, with its current, shrubs and trees ;
 The troubled beasts their danger sees,
 Trembling they feel and know.

Yes, watch the lava's sweeping course,
 Gigantic strength o'erwhelming force,
 Walls vain protection give :
 Where is the arm its pow'r to stem,
 Or where the bulwark that could hem,
 Or where th' observer live ?

Vain is the effort, vain the powers,
 And mad is he, who'd court the showers
 Resistless boiling stream :
 No, rather ;—when the mountain roars,
 And expectation paints the showers,
 It breaks presumption's dream.

Picture man, his hurried stride,
Looks o'er his shoulder at the tide,

The fatal stream of fires :
Alas, the hissing lava feels,
In vain he runs, implores or kneels,
He falls—at last—expires.

Again the mountain's heard to groan,
Its lightnings flash—smokes, columns thrown,
As rockets of alarm :
The faltering tongue the ill pourtrays,
The parent swift his child conveys
Beyond the reach of harm.

But, alas ! the rescue but a name,
Increasing murmurs—increas'd flame,
The wanderers o'ertake :
The splinter'd stones—the flying rock,
The flowing lava—efforts mock,
They sink, 'mid nature's shake.

How blest this little isle of our's,
 Refreshing rains, alone God pours
 Upon our fertile plain :
 Give, then, the most decided proof
 Of gratitude—in early youth,
 And God your hearts will gain.

VOLCANOES, or mountains that vomit liquid fire, spread terror, dismay, and devastation, in the neighbourhood where they exist. The most celebrated volcanoes are those of Mount *Ætna* in Sicily, and *Vesuvius* in the kingdom of Naples; and I subjoin an historical account of two eruptions of the latter, which proved so fatal to the celebrated city of *Pompeii*, in the years 63 and 79 of the Christian era :—

“ *Pompeii* stands at the foot of *Vesuvius*, which rises with majestic grandeur in the midst of a plain, called by the ancients *Campania*. Its walls were once washed by the waves, but the sea has since retired to some distance. Although evidently

of Greek origin, nothing certain is known of the earlier history of this city, the foundation of which is attributed to Hercules. The Oscans, Cumæans, Etruscans, and Samnites, seem to have been the successive possessors of these delightful plains, where Nature has lavished under a pure unclouded sky every luxury that can procure enjoyment to man, but which too often, unhappily, enervate his frame and debase his mind. Pompeii, with many other cities, underwent various reverses during the punic and social wars. It was besieged by Scylla, and at length yielded to the power of the dictator. After the time of Augustus it became a colony, when its history merges in the more important annals of the Roman empire.

Placed on an insulated elevation, formed of the lava, and by some thought the summit of a volcano, on the borders of a sea celebrated for the beauty of its shores, at the entrance of a fertile plain, and watered by a pure stream, Pompeii offered a position, strong in a military point of view, and favourable to commerce: nor was its situation less enchanting from being surrounded

by villas, which, like so many gems, adorned the neighbouring declivities of Vesuvius. The Pompeians, in the midst of their tranquil existence, in the month of February, A. D. 63, were surprised by a terrible earthquake and irruption, which caused considerable damage. As soon as the inhabitants had recovered from their consternation, they began to clear away the ruins, and to repair the damage sustained by the edifices; a fact that is evident from the quantity of parts wanting in many of the buildings, even at this time. The taste, however, seems to have become materially corrupt, and purer details are covered by stuccoes, composed in a barbarous style. After an interval of sixteen years, during which several shocks were experienced, on the night of the 23d of August, A. D., 79, a volume of smoke and ashes issued from the mouth of the crater of Vesuvius, with a tremendous explosion: after rising to a certain height, it extended itself like a lofty pine, and, assuming a variety of colours, fell and covered the surrounding country with desolation and dismay. The inhabitants, terrified by repeated shocks,

and breathing an atmosphere no longer fit to support life, sought refuge in flight; but were suffocated by the ashes, oppressed by flames of fire, or overwhelmed by the falling edifices. Some skeletons, which have been found, shew the futility of the attempt in many instances:—here a master seeks for safety, and is arrested at the threshold of his door by a shower of ashes; he carries in his hands keys, coins, and precious ornaments; and is followed by a slave bearing vessels of silver and bronze;—there we discover the skeletons of a groupe of females, one of whom is adorned with gold trinkets, and the impressions of some of the forms remain traced upon the ashes. At length, after four days of impenetrable darkness, light re-appeared; but sombre, as when an eclipse obscures the brilliancy of the sun's rays.

“After a lapse of fifteen centuries, a countryman, as he was turning up the ground, accidentally found a bronze figure. This discovery excited the attention of the learned, and the government immediately appropriated to itself the right of further researches, which, however,

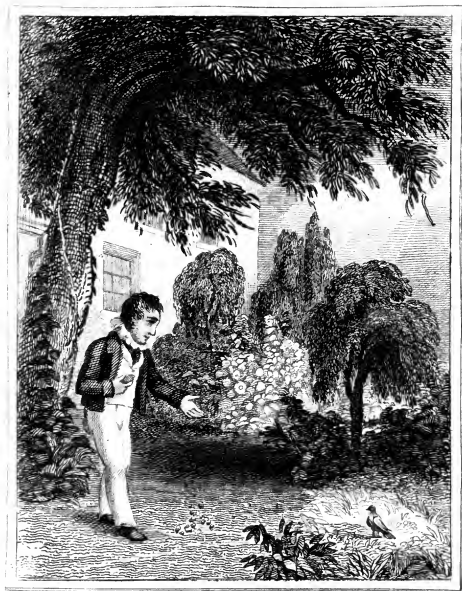
it did not commence till the year 1748, about eighty years after the first discovery.

“The excavations were prosecuted with little energy, till the arrival of the French, who cleared away the greater part of that which is now open. The return of the king suspended the works for a time, but they were resumed, though with less activity. This is to be regretted, as the progress of excavation is so slow that the present generation will reap, comparatively, few advantages from the discoveries.”

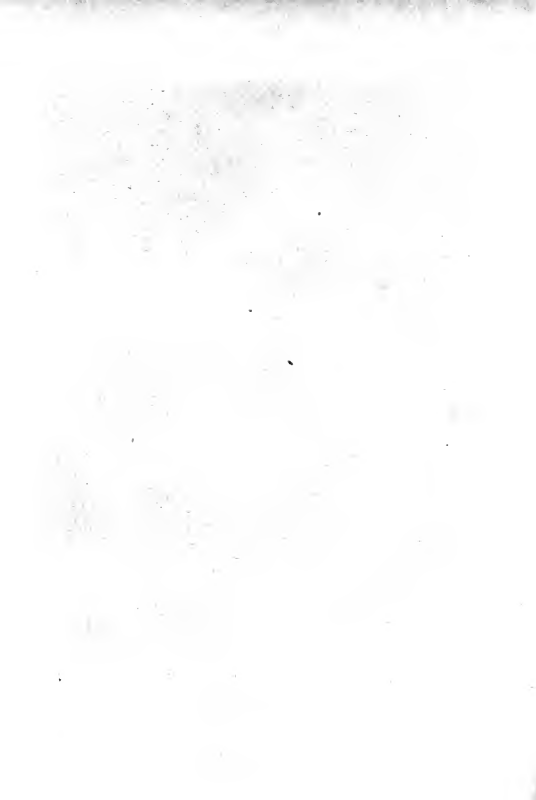
57.—THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

SEE, the little Robin hopping,
While the rain is on it dropping;
See its pretty reddened breast,
Cold is the day—where is thy nest?

THE ROBIN.



Come Robin, eat these crumbs of bread—
Come now, and eat, what do you dread?
I will not touch your pretty wing,
Do eat — and let me hear you sing.



Come Robin, eat these crumbs of bread—
Come now, and eat, what do you dread?
I will not touch your pretty wing,
So eat—and let me hear you sing.

I really wish that you would go
To my home—no want you'd know;
I then would feed you with nice food,
And keep you warm and do you good.

Thus spoke a tender-hearted child,
And thus in sympathy beguiled
An hour, in contemplative mood,
Grateful to God for every good.

He knew not little Robin's nest,
But knew that he himself was blest;
As such the bird he had in sight,
Did his warm sympathy excite

Thought he, where is the wicked boy,
 Who could unfeeling enjoy
 To hurt thee, Robin, or thy wing—
 Altho' it rains, still thou dost sing?

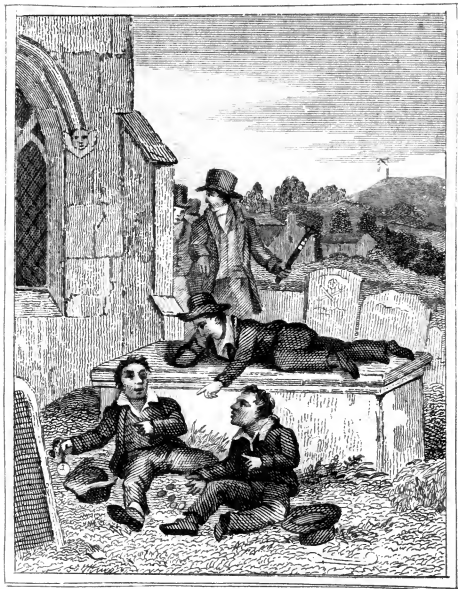
Thy cheerful little grateful note,
 That warbles sweetly through 'thy throat;
 And joins all nature's joyful throng,
 With thy sweet yet plaintive song.



58. — IDLENESS.

AN idle child is e'er despis'd,
 And don't deserve its meat;
 Good children, never wish the bread
 Of Idleness to eat.

IDLENESS.



They are thrice more wicked and vile,
In robberies and theft;
From step to step they go, their end
Is misery and death.



An idle girl, or idle boy,
Is hated as a pest ;
Like dirty pigs, they always love
In slothfulness to rest.

An idle child is never loved,
Will follow other's vice ;
And those who do this vice indulge
Is never very nice.

They're thrice more wicked and more vile,
In robberies and theft ;
From step to step they go, their end
Is misery and death.

For Idleness, it ever did,
And ever will betray ;
It is the devil's cunning bait,
T'ensnare, and then to slay.

It is a sin God ever hates,
And good men do despise ;
God ever did, and always will,
This wickedness chastise.

Then, children, ever cultivate
An indust'rous active mind ;
A blessing it will always prove,
And the reward you'll find.



Some lessons of profit we'll learn, I've no doubt,
By peeping discover what the Bee is about.
Our researches with pleasure to tell.

59.—THE BEE.

I INVITE your attention, young children, to view
A subject familiar—yet a subject quite new,

The Bee when at work in her cell:

Some lessons of profit we'll learn, I've no doubt,
By peeping discover what the Bee is about,
Our researches with pleasure to tell.

Let the morning just dawn, let the Sun but arise,
She is out of the hive, and swiftly she flies

In quest of her honey and wax :

How busy she is at every blown-flower,
Exerts all her strength, her nerve, and her power,
And 'till evening she will not relax.

But gently look down, and peep in the hive,
And view the neat building of wax how it thrive,

What infinite trouble they give :

This republic of Bees, in compass so small,
The neatness—industry of one and of all,
Undisturb'd they ought surely to live.

In twenty-four hours, they'll build a large comb,
With cells so arranged as to furnish a home

For thousands of their little tribe :

They knead their wax perfect, deposit their store,
Then away to the fields to gather still more,
Without the frail bias of bribe.

Then, oh ! what important good lessons to youth,
The fields are before them for learning and truth,

The Bee leads the way to the flower :

Shall supineness and apathy hinder their flight,
Contented to live in the world without light,
And lull into silence each power ?

Oh, no! surely not, learning's flowers invite,
 And offer their honey 'ere age brings a blight,
 In youth then extend a glad wing:
 Collect a rich store, and then you will find
 That learning has honey that's food for the mind,
 Delay not to gather it in.

NATURALISTS furnish us with minute details respecting Bees, their operations, and their method of extracting the sweets from flowers; the structure of their bodies, and the uses of their probosces, and the like; but there is another view may be taken of the Bee, better calculated to benefit the minds of youth generally, and, while we are led to contemplate and admire their wonderful ingenuity and skill, their apparent forethought and apprehension of winter, and their amazing industry and perseverance, the youthful mind may become fired by the example, and resolved to imitate. It has been said of Bees, that they are a nation of chymists;—that they possess the rare and valuable secret of en-

riching themselves without impoverishing others ; —that they extract the most delicious syrups from every fragrant herb without wounding its substance, or diminishing its odours. There are certainly but few creatures more active for man's advantage, or who are more worthy of our observation ; or that present us with a more agreeable and profitable spectacle : they give us an example of diligence and activity, which is not only uncommon, but perhaps has never been equalled.

Let youth imitate their noble example, make them their model, having more incitements to action than the poor little Bee, which incitements should render diligence constant, and application incessant, ever recollecting that it is "*the diligent hand that maketh rich,*" and the truth of the maxim is equally applicable in any pursuit. Youth is the time for forming and improving the mind : cultivation ought to be the occupation of youth ; the mind, unattended to in youth, generally, nay, universally, proves barren, or rather a wilderness of weeds through life. View the Bees with what order and regularity they proceed with their operations, each has its duty

assigned, and it pursues cheerfully and industriously that duty. So ought youth, with a mind ever open to instruction; they should unweariedly endeavour to extract the sweets of sound and profitable information from every passing event: well informed persons and useful books should be viewed as so many flowers inviting attention; and youth, the hours of sunshine afforded for acquiring the durable sweets of information and learning. The Bee is always busy, always indefatigable—who can but admire her activity and unceasing industry? She rises with the morning's sun, and relaxes not her exertions till night—shall youth repose in idleness, and indulge on the lap of indolence?—shall he, who is blest with the immortal gift of reason, consume his days and waste his hours in frivolity? Forbid it, youth, by your exertions, and let every energy of your soul be called into exercise, and, above all, let every one bear in mind that they are born for another state of existence. Soon will the Winter of life set in, and soon will life itself cease—carefully, then, watch the interests of your immortal souls.

60.—LANGUAGE AND SPEECH.

LANGUAGE is the dress of thought,
And they who think are better taught,
Than waste the dress, but caution use,
And not the pleasing garb abuse.

Choose that language best adapted,
That will convey the idea meant;
Ideas always lose their splendour,
When in low words the tongue gives vent.

Speech—noble faculty of man,
For why that faculty abus'd?
Stamps a dignity on mortals,
Which unto others is refus'd.

Thou possessor, man, be grateful,
Exercise thy tongue aright ;
Never prostitute to trifles
Speech, when nobler themes invite.

Pleasing medium of conveying
Thoughts, and sentiments, and views ;
Channel of communication,
Let me not the gift misuse.

Great Creator, thou hast given
Speech unto thy creature man ;
Let that speech be 'ere employed
To praise the giver all we can.

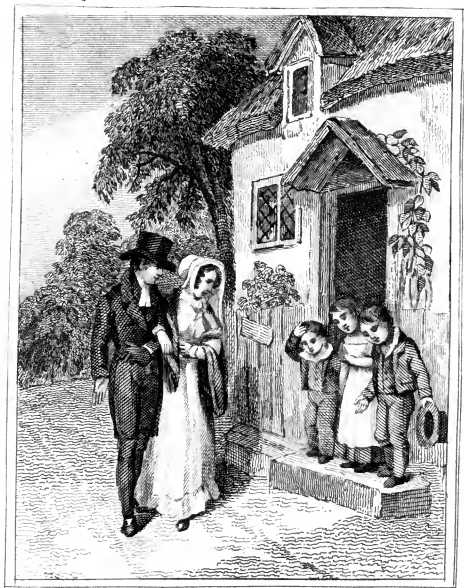
61.—ON POLITENESS.

POLITENESS—little understood,
It means in children to be good ;
A modest, gentle, carriage, free
From those pratings that we see.

Politeness—often misapplied,
Worn on the fancy—but belied ;
Martyred or prostituted grace,
Attempted mimicks in unmeaning face.

Politeness—thou art oft misused,
As often is thy name abused ;
Thou'rt not about the coxcomb seen,
Nor yet confin'd to prince or queen.

POLITENESS.



Thou'rt found sometimes amongst the poor,
And seen to grace the cottage-door;
Thy fixt abode is common sense,
Which adds a grace to elegance.



Thou'rt found sometimes amongst the poor,
 And seen to grace the cottage-door ;
 Thy fixt abode is common sense,
 Which adds a grace to elegance.

Children who thy smiles invite,
 Who wish and try to be polite,
 Will never suddenly intrude,
 And always shudder to be rude :

Will not say much—but when they speak,
 Will neither shout, speak low, nor squeak,
 Be easy, modest, free from fright,
 The child does this is quite polite.

POLITENESS is the opposite to rudeness, and is manifest in an easy, kind, and graceful way of behaviour to all persons, according to their rank in life. It consists of being easy ourselves, and endeavouring to make others so, in doing which we ought to resemble the willow rather than the sturdy oak.

Dr. Blair observes, that “affability is one of the chief ingredients in Politeness; and, in order to render ourselves amiable in society, we must correct every appearance of harshness in our behaviour; that courtesy should distinguish our demeanour, which springs not so much from studied politeness as from a benevolent and mild disposition;—our manners ought to be simple and natural, and of course they will then be engaging;”—and it may be added, that pride, ill-nature, and want of sense, are the three principal ingredients in ill-manners.

The amiable art of pleasing, observed the good Dr. Knox, “is founded on sincere principles, derived from true religion and morality; and that it is as far superior to the base art of dissimulation, as the fine brilliancy of the diamond excels the lustre of French paste.”

A truly polite child is kind and benevolent, and consequently must be a pleasing and amiable companion, and caressed and encouraged by the good and the great.







